THE

PRAISE OF HELL:

OR, A

Discovery of the Infernal World.

DESCRIBING

The ADVANTAGES of that PLACE,

WITH REGARD TO ITS

SITUATION, ANTIQUITY, and DURATION.

WITH A

Particular ACCOUNT of its INHABITANTS, their Dreſſes, Cuſtoms, Manners, Occupations and Diverſions.

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED, THE

Laws, Conſtitution and Government of HELL.

WITH

NOTES Hiſtorical and Critical to explain the whole.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

MY SON, TO PLUTO'S REGIONS GO,
AND MEET THY FATHER IN THE REALMS BELOW.
VIRGIL.

LONDON:
Sold by A. MANSON, R. DURFEY, E. DAVIDSON, and C. BLAND.

TO

ALL PEOPLE OF WIT.

GENTLEMEN and LADIES,

TO whom can I better dedicate my work, than to perſons who are in a condition to know the value of it? It was this which made me preſent it to you, as its title, truly ſingular, might prejudice certain readers againſt it, who commonly judge of things but by their appearance. As you are not of this number, it is at your tribunal, whoſe impartiality and underſtanding I am acquainted with, I lay this book, abandoning it to your judicious criticiſm: and I declare, that I ſubmit myſelf, beforehand, to the judgment you ſhall paſs upon it, when you have taken the trouble to peruſe it.

The ſame impartiality makes me here ſuppreſs the encomiums which are due to you, and which another would not fail to be laviſh of. This ſhould be, in effect, the place for praiſing the judgment, equity, and good taſte which you always make appear in all the things for which you declare yourſelves: but I am afraid that the abuſe which the moſt part of writers make of panegyrics in their dedicatory epiſtles will make mine be ſuſpected, and that they will reproach me with endeavouring to ſurprize, by this charm, your integrity, in favour of the work which I have the honour to preſent to you; but this is far from my mind. Every author, who would be well received by the public, ought to carry his recommendation along with him; for he who is a ſtranger to that is moſt commonly ſuſpected.

Do this book then only the honour to read it, with all the attention and reflexion which the importance of the ſubject it treats of requires; that is all the favour I here aſk for it. I give you full liberty with regard to the judgment you will be pleaſed to paſs upon it, which, I hope, will be favourable, in return for the pains which I have taken to render it agreeable to you. If it happens that, contrary to my

my intention, and notwithſtanding all my efforts, I have not ſucceeded, it will be but loſt time for both you and me; for which I ſhall not be with leſs eſteem and reſpect,

GENTLEMEN and LADIES,

Your moſt humble and very

affectionate ſervant ***.

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T H

INTRODUCTION.

"OH villain! oh wicked, impious, curſed
"atheiſt!——To the flames, to the flames, to
"the flames! To make a panegyric upon hell!—Juſt
"heavens! What terrible libertiniſm of mind!
"What unheard of boldneſs! What terrible impiety!
"——To the flames, to the flames, to the flames,
"with the deteſtable book and its abominable au-
"thor!—He is ſurely ſome devil who has eſcaped
"from hell, to come and ſeduce his readers here, and
"to break the only chain, which keeps as well the
"good as the bad in the paths of virtue.——To the
"flames, to the flames, to the flames, to the flames,
"to the——!"

OH gentlemen!——for heaven's ſake!—gentlemen
——deign to grant me one moment's hearing! The
greateſt criminals are not refuſed that.

"A moment's hearing!—to the ſtake, to the ſtake,
"to the ſtake, with all the devils of that hell thou
"art going to, wretched, wicked, impious, curſed
"writer!——"

For heaven's ſake, gentlemen, moderate a little the violent tranſports which agitate you, and ſupport a little better, than you now do, the honour of your character.

What! you, who are clergymen, to be thus enraged!—Enraged, did I ſay? Why you are in ſuch a paſſion againſt me, that it would make me tremble for my life, if it was in your hands. You ſpeak but of flames and ſtakes, to which your charity piouſly condemns me. And for what, pray, are you ſo enraged?—Why, becauſe a title has not the good fortune to pleaſe you! Nevertheleſs, the matter upon which the book, which I here preſent to you, treats, is your deareſt delight, and, as you yourſelves confeſs, the ſubject of your moſt ſerious and ſacred meditations. You are ſo taken up with it, that you have it continually in your mouths, eſpecially when you interfere in judging your neighbour. From whence then can come this ſtrange tranſport againſt me? In reality, if I had not known you long ſince, I ſhould have cried out, in the juſt aſtoniſhment which your fury cauſes in me, with the French ſatiriſt,

Can ſo much ſpite in ſacred minds reſide?*

"To the ſtake, to the ſtake, to the ſtake, to the——"

Ah, well, to the ſtake!——be it ſo.——I conſent to be condemned to it, with the book, which ſtirs up your pious wrath ſo much, if we deſerve it; but at leaſt,

* Boileau's Lutrin. Canto i.

leaſt, before you come to this barbarous extremity, let us examine this affair a little, if you pleaſe; and, as juſtice and equity allow not people to be condemned without hearing them, let us ſee a little if I am as guilty as you imagine.

Judge not by appearance, even your foes,
For nought's more deceitful than outward ſhows:
This book's a proof.——Read it—you'll quickly find
If with ſincerity, 'twill change your mind.

WITH regard to the title which it bears, which undoubtedly has ſtirred you up againſt me, I confeſs it is ſingular. I even own that it was that ſingularity which made me chuſe it, the better to excite the curioſity of readers, and to engage them to read this ſmall work, which is nothing the worſe for the bad idea you have formed to yourſelves of it. As to the ſubject of which it treats, you yourſelves will agree, that it is the moſt intereſting; and when you have read it, you will confeſs, that it is done in a manner very proper to produce the good effect which the author propoſes to himſelf by it, that is, the reformation of manners. Perhaps you are going again to exclaim againſt what I advance: but for heaven's ſake continue to hear me, and you ſhall then judge if I am in the wrong or not.

MORALITY is one of thoſe drugs, which, by the too frequent uſe that has been made of it for above

ſix thouſand years, is become almoſt quite inſipid to men. Nevertheleſs, it is a remedy which they cannot altogether be without. But what means can there be found out to make them ſwallow this wholeſome pill? Preſent it to them with all its harſhneſs, and as the philoſophers have deſcribed it; they hate it, and will not ſo much as hear it mentioned. Ornament it as our ableſt preachers do, with the moſt ſplendid flowers of rhetoric, and it has no other effect but to make them fall into as ſound a ſleep as the moſt ſoporific opium. What is then to be done in this troubleſome extremity? Take the method the moſt experienced phyſicians make uſe of when they want their patients to take ſome medicine, which is not very agreeable; which is, to gild the pill, roll it in ſugar, or incloſe it in ſome ſweetmeats, which, being eaſily ſwallowed, has its deſired effect. It is thus that men of wit have done in all ages to render themſelves uſeful to mankind. Some, knowing that moral truths plainly adminiſtered do but diſcourage, or, at moſt, glide but ſoftly over their minds, have preſented them as parables and fables; others have diſguiſed them under the figure of ſtories: this writer has conveyed them by ſatire; that by comedy; one has diſplayed them under the ſhape of allegories, another by romances; and, in ſhort, every one by his different and curious method, has had the effect which he propoſed.

FOLLOWING their example, the author of this work

work has taken a new method, which was in faſhion in his time, and has ſucceeded. Panegyrics were then the taſte, as romances are at preſent, and were made on the meereſt trifles; he therefore has made uſe of this mode to diſplay to his contemporaries the moſt ſerious and intereſting truths, and has happily given them, by this ingenious artifice, a better reliſh than they could have had from a grave or pedantick ſtrain. In ſhort, the picture of hell, with all its different puniſhments, has been ſo long diſplayed to us, that we now do not ſo much as take the trouble to look at it; eſpecially as the moſt ignorant of our churchmen, in order to carry every point they pleaſe throughout the Chriſtian world, have made a perfect bugbear of it. But to repreſent it under a charming appearance, at the firſt glance at leaſt, is ſuch a novelty, that it cannot fail of having a good effect upon the human heart, were it only for the oddity of the contrivance.

THERE is ſtill one thing, gentlemen, that I have to tell you concerning this work, which is, that I am but the tranſlator of it; the author, who was a man of great genius, as you will ſee by the reading of his book, having been dead more than a hundred years. Moreover, you will ſee by this how much you have been to blame, and how much more you would have been ſo, if you had continued your uſeleſs exclamations againſt a mortal, whom the irrevocable laws of nature have put out of your reach. Give a truce to

rancour then, and admire the vivacity, ſteadineſs of argument, and fruitfulneſs of imagination, with which he has treated in this book, a ſubject handled ſo often, and in ſo fruitleſs a manner, both before and after his death, rather than endeavour to blaſt the memory of a man, through a falſe zeal, who has left ſuch excellent inſtructions to poſterity. Would you do a thing which would be infinitely more glorious and uſeful to yourſelves, profit by a work which has coſt him a great a deal more labour and time than you can ſpend in criticiſing on it, or exclaiming againſt him, which he muſt doubtleſs laugh at in his grave.

But I have a better opinion of you, and it is for that reaſon I intreat you to read this work, which, properly ſpeaking, is a juſt deſcription of mankind ſince the creation. You will ſee therein all the defects, exceſſes, vices and follies, into which they have run at all times, on one ſide. The author for this purpoſe has cauſed all the great perſonages which have ever been produced to paſs before your eyes, as it were in review, all whoſe pretended greatneſs you will own is brought to the loweſt pitch of real meanneſs. You will be informed, on the other hand, wherein true glory, real virtue, and the true bleſſings, which alone can make a man truly great, worthy, and happy, conſiſt. In ſhort, you will here ſee a picture of the world as it is, and as it always has been, to the true philoſopher; that is, the real rational man.

Candid

CANDID reader, it is not poſſible you can avoid feeling a vaſt pleaſure in beholding ſo extenſive, ſo agreeable, and ſo variegated a picture, though you be ever ſo little a philoſopher in your own writings. It ſtill would be a greater impoſſibility for you not to draw the conſequences which the author has in his view from it, and which naturally follow from theſe ingenious and agreeable pictures; that is, the change and reformation of manners. If you are in this diſpoſition, as I perſuade myſelf you are,

FAREWEL, READ, AND PROFIT.

THE PRAISE OF HELL.

THE EXORDIUM.

The origin of panegyrics. The design of the author in this work. His declaration concerning it.

SINCE the famous Erasmus, ‡ of learned and satirical memory, thought fit to write, in order to divert himself, The PRAISE of FOLLY, a work dictated by reason, and composed by eloquence, several other wits, following

‡ (Didier) was one of the most learned men, and

the example of this great man, have exercised their genius upon subjects pretty much of the same kind; in

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greatest genuises, that ever has, or perhaps ever will appear. He was born at Rotterdam, on the 28th day of October, 1467, and died at Basle in Switzerland, on the 12th day of July, 1536, where he had been rector of the academy. Never was a learned man more respected by the sovereigns of Europe, who all endeavoured to draw him into their kingdoms. Charles V. Henry VII. king of England, Francis I. king of France, and the popes Leo X. Adrian VI. and Paul III. strove who should shew the highest esteem for him, by the kind offers which they made him; even to such a degree, that the two last wanted to place him in the number of the cardinals. But he rejected all their generous offers, having no other ambition or passion but for study, in which he made astonishing progress. He was endowed with a prodigious memory, a surprizing easiness in writing, and wrote with elegance and clearness. We are chiefly indebted to him for the re-establishment of polite learning in Europe, for good editions of the Fathers, for the taste of criticism, and for the study of antiquity. He was the first who freed theological subjects from the sophistical reasonings, and unintelligible jargon of the schools, and treated them in a noble manner. He reproved the vices of the age in which he lived with great freedom, especially those of the ecclesiastics, their superstition, the aversion they

in which they have more or leſs ſucceeded, according to their different abilities. From hence came that vaſt number of panegyrics made on ſubjects which

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they had to all polite literature, and the ignorance and barbarity which poſſeſſed the ſchools. He wrote againſt the ignorance, debauchery, and folly of the monks, with the ſame freedom. But they avenged themſelves after their manner, that is, by treating him like an heretic; although the enemies of the church never had a more irreconcileable enemy. But it was neceſſary they ſhould render him odious who had deſcribed them ſo juſtly; and this expedient, how fooliſh ſoever it is in itſelf, has always ſucceeded to theſe people's deſires, when practiſed on the ſtupid populace; and therefore this is the great engine which they play againſt thoſe who diſpleaſe them. Nor did he ſpare either them or the ſchoolmen in his PRAISE of FOLLY, which he compoſed at the houſe of the celebrated Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, who was his intimate friend, and to whom he dedicated it. All his other compoſitions, which have been ſeveral times printed in Holland, in nine volumes in folio, are as much ſought for as they are really valuable. The republic of Holland, proud of having given birth to ſo great a man, have erected a brazen ſtatue, to perpetuate and do honour to his name, in one of the public places in the fine and rich city of Rotterdam; where they ſtill preſerve the houſe in which he was born, with great care.

ſo little deſerved them, that, on the contrary, they had been looked upon either as hateful vices, as common nuiſances, as terrible misfortunes, or as objects of the meaneſt and moſt deſpicable nature. In emulation of each other, one preſents us with a panegyric on drunkenneſs; another the praiſes of the gout; this celebrates a quartan ague; that the fly *; another the gnat †; one praiſes the louſe; a ſecond the flea. This writes the eulogium of the aſs; another that of dirt. Even poverty has been praiſed, and the itch alſo. In ſhort, this trifling fancy has been carried ſo far, in which theſe authors have all of them diſplayed, in greater or leſs degrees, their wit and erudition, that one of them has even wrote a panegyric upon nothing. And indeed that work ſold as well as any of the others, ſo great is the love of men for trifles.

PERHAPS you are here going to cry out, Fine ſubjects truly, to engage the time of people of genius! Theſe authors muſt ſurely have loſt the ſmall ſhare of underſtanding which they had, when they began with ſuch follies. I confeſs, that the moſt part

* Lucian has made a panegyric upon this inſect, which is amongſt his works.

† There is in ſome of the editions of Virgil a ſmall poem, entitled, Culex, or the Gnat, which is attributed to him, but is certainly the work of ſome inferior author.

part of them might have been employed in more uſeful works. But then we ought to conſider, that theſe ſmall pieces are only the amuſement of leiſure hours, and a relaxation to the mind from affairs of more concern; beſides, the largeſt books are not always found to be the moſt uſeful, the moſt agreeable to read, or the beſt compoſed. Moreover, it is nearly the ſame with learning as with the other arts, wherein a diverſity of talents is as neceſſary as a diverſity of workmanſhip. For example, one artiſt makes his name immortal by the building of ſtately temples, ſplendid palaces, and high columns; the erecting immenſe obeliſks, and raiſing large pyramids; another, by forming huge Coloſſal ſtatues; whilſt others make themſelves as famous by works of ſurpriſing ſmallneſs. For inſtance, ſuch was he who wrote Homer's Iliad in ſuch minute characters, and upon a ſkin of ſo thin a ſubſtance, that all that poem, which contains upwards of fifteen thouſand lines, could be incloſed in the ſhell of a walnut †. And ſuch was he who ingeniouſly put fifteen pairs of dice, with all the proper points engraved on the ſix ſides of each, into a cherry-ſtone, made in the form of a ſmall baſket. In ſhort, our own artiſts are no leſs curious, as we ſee a great many little things, whoſe neatneſs aſtoniſhes us, made of ſilver, tortoiſe-ſhell, ivory,

† Pliny, book vii. chap. 21.

ivory, and other kinds of materials; such as ants, and other artificial insects, and chariots drawn by six horses, of such surprising minuteness, that a small fly can cover them with one of his wings †. We ought not therefore to judge of the merit of a work by its greatness; a miniature of less than an inch in length, may be as beautiful, and even more perfect, than a picture of twenty, thirty, or forty feet in height. So may a book of seven or eight leaves be perhaps much more agreeable and instructive than one in seven or eight huge volumes in folio. I therefore flatter myself with the most sanguine hopes, that the publick will not only judge candidly of my work, but honour it with the marks of their highest approbation.

In this expectation I undertake to treat a subject, which I believe no one has ever attempted before me. Whether it is, that those who have thought upon such a design have been dissuaded from it, from a fear of polluting their pens in touching such a subject, or from a fear of being opposed by bigotry and prejudice, I cannot pretend to judge. For my part, as I dread neither of them, I shall begin valiantly, protesting, that I do not design to advance any thing in this work which is contrary either to orthodox faith,

† This is what the ancient historians relate concerning Callicrates, a Grecian sculptor.

faith, morality, or Chriſtian piety; nor ſhall I introduce any thing which can convey the leaſt prejudice to the character of any body. In ſhort, I declare, that, in making a panegyric upon Hell, my deſign is not to excite the reader to wiſh to go there, ſtill leſs to go with him in his journey; which, if he earneſtly deſires to take, he may very well go without me. In this caſe indeed my book may ſerve him as a guide in that country, an honour which I do not in the leaſt deſire, being able to repeat after the poet, with the greateſt ſincerity:

My little book, you ſhall go to Hell without me †.

After ſo authentic a declaration, if any fooliſh perſon, of whom there are great numbers in the world, ſhould judge otherwiſe of my work, or intentions, I freely tell them, that I ſhall concern myſelf very little about their opinion. It will ſuffice me, if the perſons who have wit and good ſenſe ſee, in reading it, what is the end which I propoſe, and am aſſured that they do not diſapprove it. They will ſoon perceive that I write not for the idiot, the bigot, or the fribble, but for thoſe who know that there are

† This is an imitation of this verſe of Ovid:
Parve (nec invideo) ſine me, liber, ibis in urbem.
Ovid. Triſt. Eleg. I.

are ſeveral things which we frequently ironically commend, with a deſign to give an averſion to them, and others againſt which we vehemently declaim, in order to make them more lovely. This is a ſtratagem which is very common to writers, and ſtill more ſo with prieſts and lawyers.

HAVING thus expoſed my intention to my readers, I ſhall proceed without any farther introduction concerning it.

THE

THE PRAISE OF HELL.

PART FIRST.

CHAP. I.

The excellence of Hell with regard to its origin.

WHEN a writer undertakes to make an eulogium, or even to give a plain deſcription of a city, caſtle, fortreſs, citadel, or building, though ever ſo little renowned, he commonly begins with its origin, and never fails to praiſe him who was the founder of it; for this reaſon no author ever gave a deſcription of the city of Thebes, without mentioning Amphion at the

the ſame time, who was thought to be the founder of it; of Babylon, without praiſing the celebrated Semiramis; of Carthage, without making mention of the fair and unhappy Dido; of Rome, without adding an encomium upon Romulus, its founder; of Padua, without ſpeaking of Antenor, who was ſuppoſed to have founded it; in ſhort, they never name the famous city of Anvers, nor its ſtrong fortifications, without naming the celebrated Ferdinand de Toledo, duke of Alba, who made them be conſtructed by his engineer Paloto, who had a greater knowledge of fortifications than any of his contemporaries.

BUT whatever panegyric may be made upon the moſt conſiderable, the moſt renowned, the moſt wonderful thing the univerſe has ever yet contained, it is evident there never was, or ever will be, any city, palace, or other building, however ſplendid it is, or has been, without excepting thoſe to which have been given the title of the wonders of the world, that can preſume to boaſt ſo ancient an origin, ſo illuſtrious a founder, or ſo ſkilful an architect, as that of Hell.

EXALT as much as you pleaſe, ye lovers of antiquity, the profound knowledge, the aſtoniſhing and unbounded imagination, the admirable maſterpieces of execution, and, in ſhort, all the talents, ſcarcely credible, of the famous Archimedes ‡. Boaſt,

‡ A celebrated mathematician of Syracuſe, and a relation

Boaſt, ye admirers of mechanic powers, the ſacred promiſe which he made king Hiero, that if he would give him a place in Heaven, where he might fix his ſtation, he would, by means of the machines he had, or ſhould invent, move the earthly globe from whence it hangs, and tranſport it whither he pleaſed: yet neither theſe ancient wonders, enlarged as they have been by fame, nor all the genius, induſtry and invention of that ſurpriſing man, were any thing when

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relation of the monarch abovementioned.—His ſurpriſing ſkill in mathematics was evinced by a vaſt number of machines which he invented, particularly thoſe by which he raiſed up into the air the ſhips of Marcellus, the Roman general, who came to beſiege Syracuſe. When the city was taken, Archimedes was ſo highly engaged in ſome mathematical inveſtigation, that he heard not the noiſe which commonly attends on ſuch occaſions:——A ſoldier, who found him buſied in drawing lines, aſked him his name, for Marcellus had given orders, that, in conſideration of his extraordinary talents, no injury ſhould be done to him, or any of his family;——But Archimedes's mind being full of what he was about, he deſired him not to diſturb him; which ſhort anſwer ſo enraged the brute, that he killed him on the ſpot. ——Marcellus was vaſtly concerned at it, and in order to comfort his family, and in ſome meaſure to repair the loſs they had ſuſtained, loaded them with preſents, and every ſort of civility he was capable of.

when compared with the knowledge, skill and power of him who founded Hell, which I shall here call the kingdom of Lucifer; a building so solid and well fortified, that all the attempts that prince of darkness has made, during so many ages, to get out of this his present dwelling, and regain Heaven, his former abode, have been to no purpose. Neither was it the work of men, nor devils themselves: For how could men have made it, since it subsisted before they existed? And for the devils, as it was ordained to be a perpetual prison for them; it is not to be suspected they would labour in the erecting it. No, that would be making rods to whip themselves, and it is well known that they are too cunning to fall into such follies.

Perhaps you will, following Plato's opinion, tell me, that it was made by heavenly beings, who, having more knowledge, and greater power than all mankind together, raised this building the same way as he tells us they founded the universe.

To this I answer, that, if this famous man to whom the ancients have given the surname of Divine, had but perused the holy scriptures, he would have been careful of advancing that paradox. In short, he would have perceived, that there were in Hell a vast number of those celestial beings, who were suffering in the flames for the crime of their rebelling against God, at the very time of the creation.

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It therefore appears from all this, that Hell is the workmanſhip of the ſupreme, omniſcient, omnipotent Being, the Creator of every thing, who, as the greateſt of the prophets teſtify, has lighted a fire there, which has burned ſince that time, and will burn for ever. Therefore, if the ſun, the moon, and the ſtars; if all the conſtellations which ſhine in the firmament; if all the elements; if animals and inſects; even the ſmalleſt of reptiles are the objects of our praiſe, becauſe God made them, would it not be unjuſt to refuſe the ſame encomiums to Hell, ſince, as I have demonſtrated, he made it alſo?

The Hebrew author of the book intitled Eccleſiaſtes, in looking upon the ſun, celebrates its praiſe, but it is with regard to him who made it. He is ſeized with amazement at beholding it, but the great object of his ſenſations is turned upon him who had created this ſurpriſing ball. O how ſupreme is he, who hath made thee! he cries out in a tranſport of admiration. We agree with thee he is ſo; but he, who created Hell, is as powerful. It would be a great impiety not to give him praiſe on this account alſo.

There is another reaſon, which ſhould make us give Hell all the reſpect and praiſe which are its due, which is, that the works of God are far ſuperior to thoſe of men. The latter, however well performed, are found to have ſome defect or other, which makes them loſe ſome of their merit. Homer, for example,

ple, the prince and moſt ancient of the Grecian poets, however excellent his Iliad may appear, has ſome dull places in it, which weary the reader, and has made one of the greateſt poets exclaim againſt him,

Nay, ſometimes, renowned Homer taſteleſs grows.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great character of Apelles as a painter, and how ſurpriſing ſoever his pictures were, yet he himſelf frequently diſcovered faults in them, which had eſcaped him in the hurry of compoſing them. But God is not thus with any of his works. As he himſelf is perfection, he cannot do wrong. His works are as perfect as they can be, and are therefore above all criticiſm and reproach. It does God an injury therefore to ſpeak ill of Hell. It is failing in the reſpect which is due to him. In ſhort, it is inſulting revelation, which teſtifies in expreſs terms in the ſacred writings, that the whole works of God, not excepting Hell, are not ſimple, but very good. "And God ſaw all that he had "made, and behold it was very good."

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Hell an admirable place on account of its ſituation.

IF the origin of Hell ſhould render it moſt reſpected by us, its ſituation ought not to do leſs. If we refer to all the teſtimonies of antiquity, either heathen or chriſtian, upon this point, we ſhall find them all agree, that Hell is in the centre of the world. Moreover, I remember to have read of Anaxagoras, an ancient philoſopher, who, when he was juſt expiring, being aſked by thoſe who were attending him where he would chuſe to be buried, anſwered, Wherever you pleaſe; and he gave them a very good reaſon for his indifference with regard to this, adding, In whatever place upon the earth you may lay my body after my death, it will have no greater way to go from either ſide of the globe, to get the way to Hell: a reply which perfectly agrees with truth, and which is founded upon the ſureſt demonſtration of geometry. In ſhort, the philoſopher, knowing that the earth is round, and that Hell was in the middle of it, was certainly very right in ſaying, that his journey thither would be equal on whatever ſide he ſet off, and conſequently it was no great matter where they buried him.

Now

Now this is a great proof of the excellence of Hell; for all good things are always placed in the middle in this world.

The ancient geographers have remarked, from this conſideration, that Jeruſalem, that holy city, where God reſided when on earth, that capital of his beloved people, the dwelling of the kings who had the honour to ſucceed him in the government of that nation, that metropolis of the univerſe, where its ſacred Redeemer was to appear, to preach, and to be put to death, was, by God's permiſſion, ſet in the middle of the earth, that is, in the exterior centre as Hell is in the interior. It is alſo for the ſame reaſon that the ſun, which, next to God, is the king and ſoul of all nature, occupies the middle of the heavens, and makes the point round which the planets revolve. For that reaſon it is that virtue, which is the moſt eſtimable thing in Heaven, and upon earth is always found in the juſt centre, as every one knows, who have but the leaſt tincture of morality. In ſhort, if a king ſhould dwell always in the centre of his dominions, as Calanus the philoſopher once ſaid to Alexander, it is but juſt that Lucifer, who in the holy writings has been called, and in reality is, as we ſhall preſently ſee, the Prince and the Power of darkneſs, has likewiſe fixed his abode in the middle of the earth. An honourable ſituation, without doubt, and which, beſides its great convenience, raiſes the glory of Hell to a great pitch.

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CHAP. III.

Of Hell's duration and ſtability.

I SHOULD certainly have paſſed over the ſtability and duration of Hell, as they are ſo evident and indiſputable articles, had it not been formerly doubted by a ſect, that this empire would laſt only for a certain time, after which it would be deſtroyed, as thoſe of this world have been, and will be for ever. This ſect has itſelf happily been deſtroyed, and has now no partiſans remaining. But another has riſen ſince, which ſtill ſubſiſts, much more numerous than one can imagine, and which has raiſed ſtill greater errors than the other. Theſe are they, who deſire to be able wholly to annihilate the infernal regions with ſo much ardour, that, if they could find a chief, who would go at their head, we ſhould ſee them, like ſo many Titans, ruſhing on, beſieging Hell, driving Luciſer from his throne, overturning his palace, and burying his ſubjects, with himſelf, amongſt the ruins. Yet, if the thing was poſſible, we ſhould ſee them imitate thoſe haughty ſons of earth, who formerly attempted to ſcale Heaven. But in vain they wiſh for this annihilation. The warmth of their deſires, in this reſpect, is a demonſtrative proof

of their inward conviction, that it will last eternally. They, far different from those people, who, in pure simplicity, feared nothing but that the sky should fall, and crush them to pieces, fearing that they will fall into Hell, and not without just reason, are anxious to find means how to destroy it. Vain project! so much the more foolish and rash, as an empire never had a steadier foundation, nor was less subject to the dread of such a revolution. Let us go on then to the examination, and prove this truth to those incredulous people, who doubt it in the least.

In the last chapter I took notice of the difference there is between the works of God and man. The latter, resembling their authors, partake of their weakness, and perish at last, however solid they may appear. Rome, for instance, that famous city, which was the mistress of the world for several ages, should have subsisted for ever, if we could give credit to her flatterers. Her historians and poets, who talk like prophets, think on nothing else in all their writings; as her churchmen do to this time who have succeeded these famous enthusiasts. And yet, notwithstanding their flattering predictions, notwithstanding all the foolish stories of both the one and the other, had ever any city in the universe more revolutions? An hundred times has it been sacked, and almost reduced to ashes by its enemies; what is it at present, but a heap of ruins, a mere skeleton, scarce to be called a shadow of what it was formerly? And what are its

vast

vaſt domains, which, as ſome writers yet pretend to ſay, will laſt to eternity, now reduced to?

BABYLON, that magnificent city, which was called the Wonder of the World, for to embelliſh which Semiramis laid out ſuch immenſe ſums; whoſe walls alone were a year in raiſing, although three hundred thouſand labourers were employed about it every day; and whoſe ſuperb towers ſeemed ſtrong enough to baffle men, time, and the all powerful gods themſelves to deſtroy it: yet this miracle of human efforts is now ſo totally deſtroyed, that not the leaſt footſtep of itſelf or its inhabitants have been diſcovered for many ages paſt.

EGYPT, that country ſo fruitful in wonders of nature and art, and ſo long renowned for both; where are now her pyramids, her temples, and ſeveral other things, which were formerly the admiration of the curious? Where are all thoſe monuments ſo celebrated in hiſtory? There ſtill remain ſome ruins of theſe ſurprizing buildings ſcattered up and down in frightful deſarts and oceans of ſand, which are almoſt buried therein, and wait but for time, the deſtroyer of all things, to be ſwallowed up like all the reſt.

NOR have the moſt flouriſhing kingdoms, which ſeemed eſtabliſhed on the ſureſt foundations, eſcaped theſe inevitable revolutions. Without mentioning the four great and famous monarchies which deſtroyed and ſucceeded one another; viz. the Aſſyrian,

which was abolished by the Persians, the Persian by the Greeks, and the Greek by the Romans. Without taking any notice of the last, which had swallowed up the others, being destroyed, how many empires and republics have disappeared from the earth? From whence came these changes? Why, from the inconstancy, instability, and weakness inseparable from all the establishments of men.

It is almost the same with the work of those intelligences, both evil and good, whom we call angels: for, though far more perfect than those of mankind, nevertheless they all have changes. If you would have proof of this assertion, only read the legends of our saints, where you shall see them employed, like fairies, in erecting towns, castles, and splendid palaces, with a glance of the eye, and as expeditiously disappear. For instance, that of St. Wulfran; you will there behold how Satan, wanting to seduce that saint, and to engage him again to worship false gods, shewed him a paradise all sparkling with gold and precious stones, which he had raised in an instant, and which he told him would be the dwelling of those who worshipped idols after death. The saint, charmed with this splendid view, began to stagger in his faith, till, reflecting upon what the devil had said to him, he began to suspect him as a seducer, and resolved to make a trial of it, by saying, "If this magnificent palace which you "set before my eyes is the work of God, let it sub-

"sist

"fiſt; but if it is the work of the devil, let it fall to "ruins." No ſooner were theſe words out of the ſaint's mouth, than the palace immediately diſappeared, as quick as the decorations of our theatres at the whiſtle of the prompter. And why? becauſe it was not God's work. Now as Hell is the work of the Almighty, we muſt conclude with St. Wulfran, that it will endure for ever.

LET us proceed ſtill farther, and ſhew, that it is almoſt, if not quite, the only work of God, which ſhall enjoy this glorious privilege. Nothing can be eaſier than this demonſtration. Here it is then.

THE heavens, which are the maſter-piece of the almighty Creator, had given cauſe, nay, certainty of belief, that they had, and ſhould laſt for ever. This opinion went from the philoſophers to the poets, and all other famous authors, who give the ſtars the name of everlaſting flames whenever they mention them. For near four thouſand years every body believed them, and we ſhould ſtill have been in the ſame opinion, had not Incarnate Truth, which could not be deceived, or deceive, cleared up this point to us. We have learned from him, that not only the earth, which has ſubſiſted for ſo many ages as God made it, and perhaps ſhould ſubſiſt for millions of years, ſhall be deſtroyed at laſt; but the heavens alſo, that maſter-piece of unlimited power, ſhall be annihilated. It is Hell alone which ſhall continue as long as his own juſtice, which is for ever, and, as he informs us,

ſhall burn eternally. Theſe are the only flames, which can be really ſtiled everlaſting. Thoſe of the ſtars, that of the ſun, which enlighten and warm the earth, and make her fruitful, ſhall be put out at laſt; but theſe ſhall blaze for many ages, without any thing being able to put them out, or even to leſſen their violence. But let us now go on to the other prerogatives and advantages that Hell enjoys, which are a good many.

CHAP. IV.

Hell a moſt excellent place, on account of its eaſineſs of acceſs.

BOTH ancient and modern geographers very wiſely remark, that thoſe countries which are the richeſt, the moſt agreeable, the moſt flouriſhing, and the beſt peopled, and whoſe inhabitants muſt, conſequently, be happy, have the moſt ſea-ports. The cauſe of this is obvious. Since they can, and do, import into it from all countries that can produce abundance, by this means, it both promotes trade, and increaſes the number of inhabitants, and muſt conſequently make not only the ſubjects, but alſo the ſovereign of the country under whom they live, rich. Now the convenient ſituati-

on of Hell, which has made it acceſſible to every nation of the world in all ages, is one of the greateſt advantages it has. I even ſay more, that in this article it has the advantage of Heaven itſelf.

In ſhort, if this laſt mentioned place is a ſeat of happineſs, it has alſo this great inconvenience, that no one can get to it but with a great deal of trouble. The road which leads to it is both dangerous and difficult; it is very narrow, every where crouded with thorns and briars, and environed on every ſide with frightful, and almoſt inevitable rocks and precipices; and the way itſelf is ſo ſteep and ſlippery, that we often ſee happen to them who go thither with the greateſt courage, what ſoldiers ſuffer every day in beſieging a place which they hope to take by ſtorm. They ſet their ladders up againſt the walls, which they climb with the utmoſt difficulty. Already have a hand, a foot upon the rampart; nay, even think themſelves the maſters of the place, and, in idea, ſubmitted to their direction; when, in the very moment that they think their fortunes made, one fatal ſtroke diſlodges them from the ladder and the rampart, and tumbles them headlong down into the ditch, where, inſtead of that victory they already thought themſelves certain of, they meet the death they did not in the leaſt think of, or, at the beſt, diſgrace inſtead of glory. How many devotees have we not ſeen, in like manner, who, after having, in this world, ſuffered a thouſand voluntary hardſhips,

born croſſes and ſcapularies numberleſs, ſaid over thouſands of Pater-Noſters and Ave-Marias, faſted for hundreds of Advents, Lents, Vigils, and Ember-weeks, and given themſelves ſome millions of ſtrokes of diſcipline, thinking thereby to gain paradiſe, wherein they even flattered themſelves they had one foot already; how many, I ſay, have we not ſeen of theſe, who, in this aſſurance, were ready, like ſo many Cæſars, to exclaim, "I am come, I have ſeen, I have "conquered," yet happening unfortunately to make one falſe ſtep, inſtead of that Heaven, at which they thought they were already arrived, have fallen headlong to the profound abyſs of Hell, where, undoubtedly, they imagined they ſhould never go.

NOTHING like this is to be feared as to the infernal empire: the paths which lead to it are open, wide, convenient, and ſpacious; plain beaten tracts; wherein, how great ſoever the croud of travellers is, there is no fear of puſhing, of joſtling, or of falling. Here you may come and go at every hour, and at every ſeaſon, and that in full ſecurity. You meet no bailiff there to ſeize your perſon; no ſpy to watch your actions; no turnpike to hinder your paſſage; no bully to diſturb your peace; no robber to make you tremble for your purſe, and ſtill leſs for your life. On the contrary, you will find none there but civil, well-bred people, who come moſt graciouſly to meet, ſalute, and to embrace you kindly, and offer generouſly to take the road with you, for

fear

fear you ſhould be tired. When you get to your journey's end, you there find others, who congratulate you on your arrival, kindly reach their hands to you in token of friendſhip, and even take the trouble to lead and introduce you into that quarter of Hell where you are to lodge.

SUSPECT not, reader, that I am endeavouring to impoſe on you by the picture I have been drawing. The fact is ſo undoubted, that, long before my time, He who is Truth himſelf, marked out the contraſt to his own diſciples, in ſaying to them, "Enter ye "in at the ſtrait gate, for wide is the gate, and broad "is the way, that leadeth to deſtruction, and many "there be which go in thereat; but ſtrait is the "gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, "and few there be that find it ‡." In ſhort, there are thouſands who travel there at every hour and every minute, ſome in coaches and ſix, others in chariots, ſome in poſt-chaiſes, ſome in phaetons, ſome in waggons, ſome in litters, ſome in ſedans, ſome on foot, ſome on horſe-back, ſome on aſſes, ſome on mules, ſome on camels, ſome on dromedaries, and ſome on elephants. And all theſe joyous travellers purſue their journey moſt delightfully, laughing, ſinging, dancing, eating, drinking, ſporting, and rejoicing, ſome with their friends, ſome with their re-

‡ Matthew, chapter VII. verſes 13 and 14. Luke chapter XIII. the 24th and following verſes.

lations, some with their wives and children, some with their whores and bastards. Every one, in short, makes the best of his way in joy, and in the midst of feasting and pleasure. Now, tell me, I intreat you, where is the man, who is not at least some misanthrope, some enemy to himself, that would make a moment's doubt as to the choice of these two roads, so different from each other?

WOULD you pretend to go to Heaven? You must for that be continually at prayers, perpetually upon your guard, in the incessant practice of mortification, renounce all the pleasures of this world, and subdue your flesh by penitence and fasting. You must be at continual warfare with your desires, reduce your body, and even your mind, to the greatest degree of humility: suffer all sorts of miseries, not only without the least murmuring or complaint, but even with pleasure. You must be rigid, nay, even cruel to yourself, so far as to cut off a leg or arm if necessary, or pull out your eyes, the tendercst, most delicate and precious part of the whole human body. Nay, even after you have done all this, you are no nearer than if you had done nothing; since one moment, nay, a simple second of self-love, may make you lose the fruit of all your labours. You must, moreover, be continually imploring the mercy of God to grant you that place in Heaven which you aspire to, which all your labours of themselves could never deserve,

deſerve, and which his grace and goodneſs only can procure you.

Now, are you, on the contrary, deſirous of going into Hell? You have no need of all this trouble to get thither. You will arrive there by a much ſhorter way; a way as pleaſant as the other is diſagreeable and frightful; a way, in ſhort, ſtrewed with roſes and lilies. Diſſipation, pleaſure, gallantry, frequent and unbounded intercourſe with women, gaming, drinking, revelling, debauchery, cards, dice, a reſort to taverns, eating-houſes and brothels, and many other ſuch like things; theſe are the roads will lead you quickly to it; roads which are far from difficult to find, and eaſier ſtill to keep in. Then, as to the actions which muſt procure you a place there, theſe will coſt you very little trouble to execute. Idleneſs, contempt of parents, enmity, hatred, thirſt of revenge, lying, wrath, murder, theft, rapine, imprecations, blaſphemy, ſacrilege, pride, gluttony, avarice, ambition, envy, luxury, and vanity; in a word, all the vices, and all the paſſions which can pleaſe you; theſe are are the only things you have need for, and, when equipped with them, you have no occaſion for any other paſſport to be received with open arms in Lucifer's dominions, and to be honoured with the privilege of a free citizen in Hell.

But what occaſion was there for my even having ſaid thus much? It is far from being neceſſary for this purpoſe that you ſhould have performed all the ex-

ploits, or poſſeſſed all the vices I have been mentioning. No; Lord Lucifer is too good, too reaſonable, too indulgent a prince, to require them all at your hands. Any one of them, ſingly, is ſufficient to procure you a place with him. Debauch an innocent girl; nay, only ogle her with wanton eyes, covet her but for the gratification of unlawful wiſhes; ſeduce another man's wife to adultery with you. Drown your own reaſon only in the ſpacious goblet; purſue reſentment againſt your enemy; call him out ſuddenly to ſingle combat; kill him without remorſe for ſome wry word, ſome trifle which has been told to you in malice of him, and which the teller has taken pleaſure to exaggerate. Speak but one ſingle idle word yourſelf; (and that is the greateſt pleaſure which numbers in this world enjoy.) I ſay, do only one of all theſe things, and you ſhall ſoon find yourſelf enrolled in the infernal militia. Nay more, even a wicked thought, if you have taken pleaſure in indulging it, although unattended with conſequences, will be admitted as ſufficient to qualify you for a candidate in Hell. In ſhort, to ſpeak in three words every thing that is neceſſary, not only to bring you thither, but alſo to inſure you the moſt favourable reception there, the only requiſites may be included in this one maxim, EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY. And what can be eaſier, more natural, or more agreeable in the world to do than this?

To confirm theſe precepts by examples, and ſhew

you

you the juſtice and ſolidity of thoſe I have here laid down, I ſhall go no farther than to the bad rich man, whoſe hiſtory is related in the ſacred ſcriptures. He was not a vicious man, nor a wretch guilty of every kind of crime. He was ſo far from it, that the ſcripture does not accuſe him of any. He is only charged with not regarding the wretchedneſs of Lazarus: But are the rich obliged to have pity on the poor, or even to think that there are ſuch in the univerſe? He was one of thoſe wealthy men, who, like ſeveral of his followers at preſent, lived amidſt delicacies, in luxury, and enjoyed all the pleaſures which his riches could permit him to take; and yet this rich man, without being troubled in the leaſt about it; without being in the leaſt fatigued to obtain it; nay, without even thinking upon it, he found himſelf one fine morning, or evening, for the hiſtory does not ſay which it was, carried, as in a dream, into Hell. From whence we may conclude, that no journey can be made with leſs expence, or more expedition, than this.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The eager desire which mankind shew for going to Hell.

I MUST add to what I have already said with regard to this journey, that no one is ever undertaken with more delight; we need no other proof of this than the great desire which mankind have to go thither; for all their wishes tend to no other point, it being their supreme happiness. In short, if it is true, as Aristotle says, that the supreme happiness is that for which a man does every thing in the world, it follows, that this supreme happiness, with regard to men, is nothing but Hell, since all their desires, all their thoughts, and all their actions, have no other motive, no other design, but to come to this dwelling. What is still more, we even see in history, that the greatest souls have not always waited till death came of its own accord to separate them from their bodies, but, to arrive the sooner at their happiness, have given themselves the fatal blow.

THIS was the case with Saul, who was the first of all the kings of Israel, and who in the sacred writings is so often honoured with the name of the Lord's Anointed. We also read the same of that apostle

apoſtle in whom our Lord and Saviour placed ſo great a confidence, as to intruſt him with the management and poſſeſſion of his purſe. The ſame has hiſtory handed down to us of Pontius Pilate †. We alſo know, that this was frequently the cuſtom amongſt the demi-gods and heroes, and the great men recorded in prophane and ancient hiſtory. So did the famous Hercules, Ajax, Themiſtocles, and Hannibal; ſo Mithridates, Marius, Brutus and Caſſius; ſo Cato, Nero, and ſeveral others.

Nor was there leſs of the ſame ardour ſhewn amongſt the poets and philoſophers, and all other learned men, to get ſoon to Hell. Witneſs great Ariſtotle, Calanus *, Cleombrotes ‡, and Empedocles, Ariſtarchus,

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† He was a governor of Judea. He confirmed the ſentence of death againſt Jeſus, after having tried in vain to ſave him. The great cruelties which he exerciſed afterwards againſt the Samaritans, the greateſt part of whom he put to the ſword, was the occaſion of his being recalled, and ſent into baniſhment, where he is reported to have killed himſelf out of deſpair two years afterwards.

* An Indian philoſopher, who lived in the time of Alexander the Great, and followed that prince during all the conqueſts he made in that country. Having lived 83 years without ever having any illneſs, he was at laſt troubled with a violent fit of the cholic, rather than undergo the pain of which

Ariſtarchus, Lucretius, and Cornelius Gallus, and in the laſt age the celebrated Spiera. In ſhort, ſo natural is an impetuoſity on this head to noble minds, that without giving ourſelves the trouble of ſearching

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which he choſe to be put to death. He therefore begged of the king that he would cauſe a funeral-pile to be erected for him, and ſet on fire when he was upon it. Alexander would fain have diſſuaded him from it, but finding him reſolute, he determined to honour his death with all the grandeur of funeral rites, out of the regard which he had for this philoſopher (whom he ought rather to have looked upon as fooliſh): he therefore ordered all his army to be ranked up in battle array, and all the richeſt kinds of perfumes to be ſtrewed upon the pile, to which the philoſopher, dreſſed in the moſt ſuperb habit, commanded himſelf to be brought. He then lay down on it, and when the fire began to touch him he ſtill continued in the ſame poſture, without ſhewing the leaſt marks of pain. It is added, that when he was aſked if he had any thing to ſay to Alexander, who did not chuſe to be preſent at the ſacrifice, he replied, No; that he had nothing to ſay to him then, as he hoped to ſee him ſoon again at Babylon: words, which were afterwards regarded as a prediction of that hero's death, who really died three years afterwards in that city.

‡ A philoſopher of the Academic ſect, who, after reading Plato on the immortality of the ſoul, threw himſelf into the ſea.

ing backwards into the annals of ſcientific, or heroic hiſtory, we need go no farther than to the many examples we daily ſee of it amongſt the inhabitants of our own nation; a nation which eſteems itſelf, and is eſteemed by others, the wiſeſt, braveſt, and moſt philoſophical of all nations in the world, who cut their throats, blow out their brains, hang themſelves, or plunge into a river, or a fiſh-pond, and all this in cool blood, with all the calm deliberation poſſible; nay, ſometimes in wanton ſport. And whence can this proceed? Why, from a lively ardour, a violent paſſion they poſſeſs of going quickly into Hell, whither they think they cannot arrive ſoon enough, even with all the haſte that they can make, or the pains they can beſtow.

THE women even have not failed in ſhewing this deſire, not willing to yield to men in this point more than in any other. For inſtance, the lovely Dido, the unhappy Jocaſta, the chaſte Lucretia, the fair and gallant Cleopatra, the faithful and tender Portia, the charming and heroic Arria, and ſeveral others. Witneſs alſo the practice of moſt of the women in India, who, when their huſbands die, caſt themſelves alive upon the ſame pile, not wanting to ſurvive them, and are conſumed; thus haſting to rejoin them in the infernal regions, where they doubtleſs poſſeſs the moſt diſtinguiſhed apartments, which their ſurprizing faithfulneſs has deſerved ſo well.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

By whom the apartments of the first rank in Hell are occupied.

NOTWITHSTANDING what we mentioned at the close of the last chapter, with respect to the first apartments in these regions being appointed to the ladies, we are assured, from very good hands, that this honourable distinction is disputed with them by a set of men, who are always absolutely determined to rule the roast in every place they come to, and keep the upper hand of whatever company they meet with in it §: for which reason, that we may not excite the indignation of these gentlemen against us in this place, we shall not hesitate a moment to give them the preference, leaving to the ladies themselves the care of maintaining their own right of precedence. These honourable and overbearing personages are no other than our respectable prelates and churchmen. People who have ever been accustomed to assume and maintain the first places in this world; Why then should they not be allowed the same privileges in Hell? Would it not be the highest injustice to refuse it to them, when we reflect but ever so little upon their conduct in this world?

In

§ The Monks.

In ſhort, what do they not contrive, what do they not attempt, what do they not execute, that can entitle them to this great reward! Do not ſome of them ſeem to have taken on themſelves the taſk of overturning all the great fabrics of religion and morality, in thoſe large volumes which they employ their lives in the compoſing! And for what purpoſe? Undoubtedly, in hopes to acquire the moſt diſtinguiſhed places in the infernal realms. Do not others, whom their ambition, their factions, their cabals, their political principles, and ſometimes even the very worſt of crimes, have placed near to the ears and hearts of kings and princes, or of their children, under the ſpecious notion of giving the latter inſtruction, and training up their minds to virtue, or of aiding the former with their ſalutary counſels: do they not, I ſay, inſtead of this, drag them to Hell with them, by teaching them to falſify their promiſes; to oppreſs their ſubjects; to violate and break through the moſt ſolemn treaties; to ſtir up needleſs wars, and perſecute religion in thoſe who profeſs it in all its purity? And what is all this for? only to have the honour of their company, and be the means of keeping cloſe to them, to gain and preſerve the moſt reſpected rank in Hell. True Proteuſes on earth, you ſee them taking every ſort of ſhape and acting every kind of character that may promote their intereſts. In armies, they are ſoldiers; in trading cities, merchants; ſtudents in colleges and in academies; gentlemen at court, and peaſants in the country; they even become women to men, as they

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are truly men to women. In ſhort, they ſtick at no thing to make them worthy of being received wit honour at the court of Lucifer.

WHILST they take theſe ſteps, and undergo thei labours, to qualify themſelves for a juſt claim to th infernal precedence, their novices in their cloiſter take infinitely more for the ſame purpoſe during thei noviciate: for this, ſome tear their fleſh to piece with terrible laſhes of their diſciplines: ſome bin themſelves with ropes, like mules or aſſes; this wrap himſelf in haircloth, whilſt that goes always barefoot; one lies on the hard ground; another abſtains from food: others again fatigue themſelves by vigils, a extraordinary as they are ſuperfluous, by long and tedious faſts, by genuflexions numberleſs; by long and tireſome prayers, which they are continually muttering day and night: another kind abſtain from female intercourſe; or, if at leaſt, they do at any time indulge the gentler paſſions, it is by ſtealth, and with the utmoſt ſecreſy, not to diſhonour their order. Now pray, tell me, what can their deſign in all this be? To purchaſe Hell; yes, I ſay, to purchaſe Hell; for, as none of theſe things are neceſſary, or have been commanded by religion to obtain Heaven, it is therefore evident it muſt by the contrary motive, by which they are induced to undertake, and to endure theſe miſeries, with a degree of courage which borders very cloſe on heroiſm.

AND

And that you may not think, that prejudice, ill-nature, and itch for calumny, or any private pique I have againſt this ſet of people, have urged me to ſpeak thus, I ſhall here put in the ſame claſs our other venerable church-men, the moſt part of whom are little better: thoſe young ſoppiſh parſons, true actors of a part, who, ſpruce in powdered wig, and hand clear-ſtarched, with golden ſnuff-box in their hands, and the rich brilliant glittering on their fingers, exclaim with moſt declamatory vehemence from the pulpit againſt the luxury and vanities of the world; who, with laſcivious eyes, traverſing every beauty in their audience, rail loudly againſt gallantry: and, whilſt the very Burgundy is ſparkling in their eyes, and glowing in their cheeks, and the plump ſleekneſs of their perſons beſpeaks them like Eli's ſons, fed with the fat of every offering, take on them to inſpire their hearers with the love of abſtinence, and rend their very lungs to prove its indiſpenſable neceſſity. Such alſo are thoſe other clamorous [illegible] who make the ſeat of truth the theatre of their peculiar animoſities; who preach up charity to others, whilſt they themſelves roar out unmercifully, even to hoarſeneſs, againſt their brethren, taking an averſion to them from motives of ambition, or of intereſt, and whom they fain would make their hearers hate as much as they themſelves do. In that ſame claſs behold thoſe pampered biſhops, whoſe moſt inſatiate avarice has beſieged their prince with mean

mean servilities, with flatteries and importunities, day after day, 'till they at length have teized him out of preferments, equal even to the satisfaction of their utmost luxury and covetousness; yet do these pastors, instead of laying down their lives for their flocks, according to the precept, and even the example of him who first ordained them what they are, desert and leave them to the care of hirelings, who, in this town, think not at all about them, but with respect to the pecuniary emolument they are to reap from them. There, in another corner, you may see those youthful priestlings, who, scarcely come from school or university, where they have studied nothing but a few points of sophistry, blended with an infinity of childishness and folly, persuade themselves, that, from the bishop's laying on his hands, they instantly are changed into holy men, whom all the world must listen to and credit, as if they were so many oracles. You also behold another set there, who are as bold as impious, and who breathe into the heart of a young charming innocent, at the very foot of the altar, if she is simple enough to hearken to them, in the same manner as the old serpent did into the ear of our first mother Eve, a base love, whereof they very often enjoy the criminal first fruits themselves. Now all these actions of men are carried on under the specious pretence of the glory of God, and the conversion of souls; but, in reality, for the glory and love of Lord Lucifer, to whom they well know they make

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their court by it; and receive the first apartments in his kingdom by way of recompence. But let us here end this detail, which would lead us too far, if pursued to the uttermost, and proceed to the second class, which is not less numerous.

CHAP. VII.

Who occupies the second apartments in Hell. A picture of the miser.

THE misers make up this class, who are devoted to Hell, and who take almost incredible pains to get thither. They go to the furthermost parts of the earth for this purpose; to India, Japan, China, Peru, Malabar, Canada and Brasil; even to the Anthropophagi, who feed upon human flesh. We see them defying the most terrible storms, exposing themselves to all the horrors of famine or contagion, and the fury and rapacity of corsairs and pirates, with equal intrepidity. In short, they face whatever is most dreadful in the earth, sea and elements, not only without the least terror, but even with looks of joy. Death himself is not frightful to them; and why? surely not from any expectations they have of attaining the celestial paradise. Alas! they would think it too dear a purchase if it was to cost them but

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a penny, and would grudge that small sum to buy it: and how can it well be expected that they should be so extravagant for God, when they refuse themselves the common necessaries of life? Behold their food: they think the vilest and most common thing the earth produces too dear and delicate for their use. They eat such black bread, that a hound, almost starved with hunger, would hardly taste it. The purling brook is all their drink, which is too good for them. They cry and regret at the good cheer which they see others have, as if they were at the expence of it.

The same penury and miserable œconomy appears in their dress, which is no more than a bundle of rags patched and sewed together, to save the money which it would take to cloath them decently. Their eyes are never shut, and always fixed upon their hoard, which they keep locked up in iron chests with triple locks, and which they never touch for fear of diminishing; they never sleep for fear of being robbed. The time which the rest of mankind employ in sweet repose, they spend in inventing tricks to ruin their neighbours, either by exorbitant usury, or other fraudulent designs, by which they may enlarge their hoards. If they chance to fall sick, which cannot fail to happen, perhaps you imagine they have recourse to the doctors, and seek for necessary assistance; but alas! you are greatly mistaken; they scorn this aid for two reasons: the first is, that it

it would coſt money; rather than give away which they would loſe life; and the other, becauſe it would prolong their lives, which would put off their journey to Hell, where they eagerly deſire to be.

CHAP. VIII.

By whom the third place in Hell is inhabited. A deſcription of the drunkards.

THE drunkards are next in rank to the miſers, who are ſo fond of Hell, that they take all methods to ſhorten their lives, which they think too long to keep them from it. Let us then convey ourſelves for a minute to one of their aſſemblies, and ſee what paſſes there. It is well: we are among them; behold them placed round a table. For what have they ſeated themſelves? Is it to eat? Or to be delighted with a pleaſant converſation, enlivened by a chearful glaſs? Good God! how ſtupid you are, and how little you are acquainted with theſe people! Was it for to think, or to enjoy themſelves with the ſweets of converſation, do you imagine, that they were born? No, no; it was to drink. Obſerve them with their glaſſes in their hands: they empty glaſs after glaſs, and that in ſo large a quantity, that they

are forced to throw it up again every moment. Perhaps you may imagine that they quit their company on this account, but they do not; for, like swine or dogs, no sooner is the wine off their stomachs, than they again supply it with another charge, which being also cast up, a third is put in its place; and thus continually while day or night lasts.

Let us consider a little the condition into which they have brought themselves: not one of them is able to stand; their knees sink under them; no longer can their staggering legs support them; their hands cannot perform their office; their tongues, swelled in their mouths, can do nothing but stammer. Their mouths and throats enflamed and parched with heat, have lost their natural supplies of moisture. Their eyes grown dizzy, and almost extinct, no longer can distinguish objects, which in confusion present themselves before them, and seem, as conscious of their owners folly, to scorn the guiding them. Their voices, stifled on one hand by the vapours the stomach is perpetually exhaling from wine already drank, and on the other by the fresh draughts of it which they incessantly are swallowing, can find no passage out, nor any longer form a sound.

In this secret condition, you, doubtless, conclude, that they will cause themselves each to be carried to his separate home, (for so far are they from being able to find the way to their own houses, that there is not one amongst them could find out the door of

the room you see them assembled in.) There, you will say, they may work off their wine in quiet and at their ease. Reason, it is true, points out this wise advice, and speaks this language. But are these worthy imps of Bacchus in a state fit to hear reason? Alas! they do not even hear themselves; and how can reason have effect with beings much more brutalized than even beasts themselves; on men who fix it as their highest point of honour, to drown her in their wine? No; they have lost her quite; and therefore, far from thinking of retreating, they, on the contrary, think themselves but just set in, and now prepare for a more perfect course. Behold them now. To the large glasses with which they seemed already to have served themselves in such abundance, succeed a round of tankards, of a much greater size. Each takes one, fills it up, and quaffs it with his neighbour, and the company. To this they name the health, or, to speak more properly, the death of each other, and swallow it amain: to this another round succeeds; another after that; and so to five or six. Till by these feats, warmed to attempt still greater, they think these tankards, large as they are, too small. The most capacious bowl that can be found in the town must now be brought; no sooner brought than filled; no sooner filled than emptied at a draught: for that is the law these swine impose upon themselves, under a penalty of repetition.

But as they cannot every one get bowls, nor can they ſtay with patience till it come round to them, they drink, whilſt they are waiting for its revolution, ſome out of their ſhoes, ſome out of their ſlippers, ſome out of their hats and caps, ſome out of their boots. Some take up huge pitchers, and drink them at a draught: ſome toſs off funnels full, and ſome drink out of chamber-pots. Some, in ſhort, make themſelves be carried to the cellar, whither they have no power to go themſelves, and lying down, with their mouths underneath the tap of the wine barrel, there guzzle down immeaſurable quantities.

Nature, in the mean time, who cannot ſtand the attacks of ſo much violence, performs, on her part, all her uſual functions, which make the filth of this aſſembly a true Augæan ſtable, whoſe ſmell is a thouſand times more nauſeous, infectious and diſagreeable, than any thing that was ever produced in Hell; ſo that not even the ſtrongeſt man, or the moſt robuſt conſtitution could endure to ſtay in it. But let us finiſh up this picture, which hitherto my pencil has only imperfectly ſketched.

It is not enough theſe Bacchanalian heroes ſhould drown themſelves, as you obſerve they do, in wine, in order to arrive more quickly in that Hell, which they ſo warmly ſigh for: but that they may obtain ſome image of it, which in ſome degree may come near the truth, and give them an image of thoſe pleaſures

fures which there await them, they are going presently to ſwallow fire and ſmoke, which are the food and ordinary repaſts of the inhabitants of that gloomy dwelling. Already do I ſee the waiters preparing every thing for this new debauch. Behold the pipes, ſee next the chaffing diſhes, and laſt behold tobacco on the table. Each takes his pipe, fills and ſets fire to it, and ſeems to find freſh delight from ſucking in long draughts of a moſt hateful ſmoke, whoſe deteſtable ſmell and peſtilential taſte would poiſon, or drive away the very devils themſelves. In ſhort, the heavy miſt formed by this black and ugly ſmoak, fills and infects the room to a degree, that ſoon obliges thoſe who are not accuſtomed to it to leave it, unleſs they, like theſe drunkards we have ſeen, would diſgorge all they have upon their ſtomachs.

It is true, they do, indeed, under pretence of a prevention to this effect, ſo common to tobacco, make uſe of a peculiar remedy: but it is a remedy a thouſand times worſe than the diſtemper. That is the uſe of ſpirituous liquors: thoſe liquid and devouring flames, which will complete the burning up their ſtomach and inteſtines, already more than half conſumed with drunkenneſs and debauchery. Hark! they are calling for them now! Now they are brought! See with what reliſh they ſwallow, in great draughts, a ſample of thoſe fires which ſhall devour them eternally. What delight they expreſs: hark! how they ſmack their lips, as if they had been

tasting the most delicious and most healthful liquors. Hear with what lavish praise they sound its commendations, as the most excellent restorative that human wit or understanding ever could discover. This is, say they, the real water of life, the true divine cordial, the grand elixir. The more we drink, the better we shall be. LET US THEN DRINK OUR FILL.

YOU would try to no purpose to turn them from their miserable way of living, by shewing them the fatal consequences of it. Such as the ruin of their families, and the destruction of their constitutions, painful and incurable distempers, as the gout, the apoplexy, the dropsy, the consumption and the palsy, the inflammation of the bowels, the weakening of the nerves, and several other diseases, as painful as they are inevitable from such debaucheries. No, this is preaching to the winds: true martyrs, true heroes, as they are, of the devil, they intrepidly expose themselves, nay even with delight, to the most cruel misfortunes which attend them; and when they are attacked by them, support them with the greatest resignation, for the love they have for him, and not to lose the place which he has destined for them in his kingdom, and which they have so justly acquired.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Who occupies the fourth place in Hell. The picture of a fop, and of a coquet.

WE ſhall put the fops and beaux in the fourth claſs. When they appear they are ſo nicely and exactly dreſſed, that you would think they had juſt come out of a band-box. Obſerve their heads, no curl or ſingle hair is out of order. The comb, the curling-tongs, the ſciſſars, powders, eſſences, and pomatums, have been made uſe of to give them that graceful arrangement which ſtrikes your eye. How many pains, how many burnings, how many vexations, how many grimaces, how many oaths has it not coſt them to attain at this! But ought we not to ſuffer ſomething in this world for to get a place of diſtinction in the next! Without doubt we muſt. Undoubtedly it is for that purpoſe we ſee them going to and fro with their heads uncovered, whatever weather it be. Even in the utmoſt rigour of winter, unbuttoned to the waiſt, you ſee them make the moſt ridiculous parade of a pretended heat of conſtitution, whilſt the cold-blighted keenneſs of their faces, and continual ſhudderings, belie them every moment.

From the same motive we see them dancing attendance during the night, and blowing their fingers, amidst frost, hail and rain, under the windows of their pretended mistresses, who divert themselves, and make a jest of them, with reason. And happy may they think themselves, if their chambermaids, who are commonly pretty pieces, maliciously cover them not with some nasty deluge, for to cool and allay a little the passion with which they say they burn.

And yet these hair-brained masters are, to hear them, the favourites and Adonis's of all the ladies; and, if we would believe them, there is not a single one who can hold out against the charms of their persons. It is by consequence of this ridiculous persuasion into which they bring themselves, that we see them always so content with their little merit, always leaping, singing, dancing, whistling, capering, and often doing all these things at once. True dolls, both in figure and understanding; you may take them for real puppets, which solly plays, and keeps in constant motion. In the streets, the walks, at court, at the theatre, in a lady's assembly, even in the church, their character, alike extravagant, never belies itself. Every where they are the same; and every where the object of laughter for sensible men. But they care very little for that. They are content with themselves, and that suffices them. They even make an honour and a merit of the raillery which is made upon their foolish behaviour,

our, becauſe they know, and are perſuaded, that the kingdom of Lucifer, to which they have very well-grounded pretenſions, has, like that of Heaven, which they ſeldom care for, a croſs way to go through, and troubles to ſupport, when we would acquire it.

NEXT to theſe ſparks comes in order another ſort of animals, not in the leaſt more wiſe or rational. They bear indeed the names of girls and women; but, heavens! what a ſtrange aſſemblage of irregularities and follies, extravagancies and imperfections, faults and vices! Worthy! thrice worthy implements of Hell! Behold them, examine them from top to toe, and tell me if I draw the picture falſe, ſtrengthen one ſingle feature, or give to any part too high a colouring. Then let us take the very firſt that offers to make the picture from. And very ſeaſonably, there's one already ſits: behold her at her toilet! take notice of her head-dreſs and her hair, which but this very moment are come out of the hands of her tire-woman and barber: who have together ſpent four hours at leaſt in giving them the form, the turn, the colour, the arrangement which you obſerve them have. Her treſſes, naturally red, ſhe has found means by art to make appear the fineſt brown imaginable, and ſhould the fair one chuſe to have them light-coloured, black or cheſnut, or any other colour ſhe may fancy, it will only coſt theſe ſkilful alterers of Nature's works the trouble of giving them another dye. Nay, what's a greater won-

der, thoſe locks, ſo much have art and induſtry converted and diſguiſed them, that by their graceful fall, their beauteous negligence, you might miſtake them for the fair treſſes of Venus, or thoſe of Berenice; but then what pains has not this fair one borne all the laſt night on their account! Her head, ſtuck round with papers, as it is ſaid Meduſa's was with ſnakes, has not permitted her to cloſe an eye, or get a wink of ſleep. Obſerve her eyes and cheeks! The former, naturally lively, and almoſt always animated by the fire of love, with which her boſom burns, are heavy, down-caſt, ſad and languiſhing. The latter, equally crimſoned over by the pure native glow of youthful blood, are lifeleſs, pale, and livid. What pity it is, I know you are going to cry out; but have a little patience: art, in a moment, ſhall ſupply the wants of both. Obſerve her toilet, and its implements; the ingredients, and the different apparatus of which it is compoſed. This fair one's ardent deſire to appear pleaſing to her lovers will quickly make her ſeek, and find again within her looking-glaſs all the vivacity her eyes have loſt. There you perceive her ogling, primming, and grimacing at her glaſs, whilſt, like a new Apelles, with pencils dipped in ceruſe, vermilion, and carmine, ſhe artfully applies upon her face thoſe colours which we remarked before that ſhe had loſt.

FROM her cheeks let us proceed to her ears, which ſeem to have been moulded by the moſt ſkilful artiſt,

ſo

ſo neat, ſo delicately turned they are: for fear, however, that they ſhould grow too fleſhy, ſhe has cauſed them to be bored; and, however delicate her ſex, however painful this operation may have been, ſhe has choſen voluntarily to ſuffer it, rather than not conform to what is the faſhion. But wherefore do I mention this; this tranſitory pain? To this ſucceeds another daily one: a pain almoſt continual, and which ſhe bears with no leſs perſeverance. This is occaſioned by the weight of that great load of precious ſtones, with which you ſee her ears are decorated; jewels, whoſe weight would tear her ears to pieces, nay almoſt pull them off, were it not for the care of the induſtrious jeweller.

But now, as we are mentioning the ſufferings of the fair-ſex, let us go through with the examination, whereby we may diſcover the moſt evident proof of the truth of what I have advanced; that is to ſay, that the ladies, no leſs than their admirers, are truly martyrs to Luciſer, and to obtain a portion in his kingdom, both do and ſuffer more than they would perform to acquire a place in Heaven.

Behold that alabaſter neck, that ſnowy breaſt, which ſhe always expoſes to the inſults of the air and weather, even in the moſt ſevere, moſt piercing cold of winter. A ſlender handkerchief, an eſclavage of diamonds, or of pearls, ſome knots of ribbons, a piece of gauze or muſlin, as thin as the ſpider's web, ſcarce covers the tenth part; and, even

what is covered, is only ſo, in order to excite more ſtrongly the deſires of the ſpectator, and draw his eyes towards thoſe two beauteous hemiſpheres which play beneath, and which ſhe knows very well mankind have, in all times, been the dupe to. Alas! how diſagreeably would they find themſelves deceived, were but the moſt of all theſe artificial beauties to let themſelves be ſeen in their true natural condition! Their elegant poſition ſeems charming; their firſt view moſt enchanting; their firmneſs like the poliſhed hardneſs of ivory, or alabaſter. But does reality anſwer to all theſe fair appearances? Alas! how little! A body, or rather coat of mail, compoſed of whalebone as hard as iron, incloſed in which this fair one ſuffers torments, forces theſe ſemi-globes, and drives them from the ſtomach, towards which they are placed, up to the height at which they now appear. Their firmneſs is but merely in appearance, and their acquired whiteneſs no more than the effect of their cold creams, and other artificial paſtes and waſhes, with which they are rubbed every day, both night and morning.

It is alſo to the ſame artifice (that is to ſay, to the ſame puniſhment, which they, with moſt heroic conſtancy, ſubmit to,) they ſtand indebted for that ſlender ſhape, which we admire in them, and for whoſe preſervation the moſt of them deny themſelves ſome part even of their neceſſary food; ſo that you ſee Lord Lucifer has alſo his devout ones, whom he obliges

obliges regularly to obſerve their vigils, faſts and advents; their lents and ember-weeks; and all this with a hope of one day obtaining a part in his kingdom. In ſhort, the profeſſed coquet is from head to foot a piece of univerſal ſuffering. But we have mentioned feet; obſerve thoſe of our beauty; how ſmall, how pretty, how well-ſhaped they are. Judge by their ſize, and you would certainly imagine the owner of them not above ſeven or eight years old; and yet, although ſhe does not chuſe to own it, ſhe has ſeen the revolution of twenty five or thirty tedious years. Conſider and admire the more than human conſtancy wherewith ſhe has, through ſuch a period, endured her feet to be for ever on the rack; and all but to prevent their growing to their natural form and ſize. Perhaps you fancy that time has ſo habituated her to this cuſtom, ſhe feels no pain from it: but do not run away with ſuch a notion. No; every ſtep ſhe takes in her little ſhoes, which are true ſhackles to her, gives her ſuch violent uneaſineſs, that, was it not for fear the world would laugh at her, ſhe would cry out aloud as ſhe paſſes through the ſtreets, or in the public gardens. But what can be too hard to undergo, to have a well-dreſſed head; ears well adorned; a lovely neck diſplayed; white breaſts; a ſlender ſhape; and baby feet? Sure theſe advantages are cheaply got, at only the expence of twenty or thirty years, or even ſometimes a whole life of torture, as the ladies about court have found it.

it. O great Prince Lucifer! What ardour, what a noble perſeverance, do all your devotees, both male and female, ſhew in their words and actions for your ſervice! The candidates for Heaven are not to be compared with them in this particular; they do not even come within an hundred points of them. How much reaſon had their heavenly Father to ſay your children were more dutiful, and more courageous, than his own!

INDEED, the votaries of the Prince of Hell, to make themſelves more deſerving of his favour, carry their heroiſm to ſo great a height, as even to ſmother in them the voice of Nature; that voice ſo powerful, and ſo efficacious, that it will ſoften even the moſt ſavage animals. Behold that youthful beauty, who has juſt brought into the world the precious fruit of her moſt tender love. The innocent and lovely little creature ſcarce ſees the light, before it ſtretches forth its infant arms towards the mother, from whom it begs that nouriſhment which Nature has herſelf prepared for its ſubſiſtence. The mother's breaſts, from which it ſhould be furniſhed, are full, and overflow with that delicious nectar Heaven has ordained ſhould feed it. Yet obſerve her: will ſhe even hearken to its cries? Ah, no: more cruel than the very fierceſt of beaſts *, the moſt inhuman monſters,

* "Even the ſea monſters draw out the breaſt; "they

monſters, this ſtep-dame with unfeeling heart, refuſes the breaſt to her own babe. On what foundation does ſhe build this dreadful barbarity, unknown to any other living creature? On what? Why, on the imaginary fear that this dear precious fruit of her own womb, this other ſelf of her's, ſhould ſpoil the well-turned roundneſs, or take away the valued firmneſs of her breaſts, by ſucking from them the food deſigned to nouriſh it. She apprehends her husband, or her lovers, whom ſhe would ſtill continue to delight, will no longer find the ſame charms in, or pleaſure from them, nor conſequently ſhew the ſame affection to her. Her dear, her tender offſpring may cry, may rave, and may deſpair, to no purpoſe. She hears it not; deaf to its little voice; blind to its tears; inſenſible to all its grief and its deſpair. Nothing can melt her; nothing ſoften her. Nay, ſhe even looks upon the lovely child but as a monſter ready to devour her; and therefore ſends it ſpeedily

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"they give ſuck to their young ones: the daughter "of my people is become cruel, like the oſtriches in "the wilderneſs." Lamen. iv. 3. This bird, which, for its ſize and ſtrength, is amongſt the winged race what the elephant is amongſt the quadrupeds, lays her eggs in the ſand, and then leaves them for the ſun to hatch them, and bring forth the young; which it alſo does by thoſe of the tortoiſe, who lay in the ſame manner.

ſpeedily away, whilſt ſhe proceeds, ſometimes even at the hazard of her own life, to dry up in herſelf the very fountain of this her new-born child's exiſtence, to whom ſhe thinks ſhe does but too much favour, if ſhe procures a foreign ſubſiſtence for it, a food which had not been deſigned for it, often vitiated by drinking and diſeaſe, and, moſt commonly, poor and ill-conditioned, even from the very wretchedneſs of her, within whoſe breaſts it flows. Thus, robbed of the only aliment which Nature had deſigned it, the innocent pretty little creature pines and languiſhes, ſuffers the ſharpeſt pains, and goes thro' miſeries its birth appeared to have inſured it from, 'till at the laſt it expires in the acuteſt torments, without even carrying to the grave with it the leaſt regret of its inhuman mother, who thinks of nothing but the quickly giving it a ſucceſſor, to whom her cruelty again procures the ſame diſtreſs. If happily one amongſt them all eſcapes this fatal deſtiny, feeble and languiſhing, and feeling, through its life, the bad effects of that unnatural nouriſhment which was not deſtined for it, we often ſee it belying its birth, and diſhonouring, by its mean and bad actions, the ſplendor of the blood from which it was at firſt formed, the bad nouriſhment it has received being the chief cauſe of its woful degeneracy. Let us conclude then from all this, which is ſo certain a truth, that even whole nations might be brought in as a proof to any one who ſhould diſpute it; let us, I ſay, conclude,

clude, that nothing but an exceſſive and moſt paſſionate deſire for the joys of Hell could ever lead creatures, who call themſelves rational, into ſuch exceſſes of inhumanity.

THIS was the concluſion which the famous Sir Thomas More ‡, high-chancellor of England, a perſon much leſs renowned by his dignities, to which his merit alone raiſed him, than by his great wit, profound wiſdom, and conſummate underſtanding, drew from a like examination. This great man having

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‡ He was born at London, in the year 1480. His merit acquired him ſo great a reputation, that Henry VIII. then king of England, employed him in many embaſſies, exalted him to the higheſt dignities, and at laſt made him high-chancellor of that kingdom. He filled this laſt poſt but two years and a half; at the expiration of which, being well acquainted with the violent temper of that prince, and foreſeeing the conſequences of his love for Anna Bullen, he gave up his place, and retired into the country, where he lived with his family in a frugal manner; his whole income being no more than a ſmall eſtate of fifteen hundred pounds a year: ſo little ſolicitous had he been of enriching himſelf in the high ſtations he had poſſeſſed! Yet his retreat could not preſerve him from thoſe misfortunes which he had foreſeen, and hoped to avoid thereby; Providence having decreed, that he ſhould fall a martyr to his religion; which he did a ſhort time after.

ving one day been preſent at the toilet of a your
lady, and having ſeen all the care and trouble whic
it coſt her to put herſelf in order, "Truly, Madam,
ſaid he to her laughing, but with an air and ton
full of wiſdom and good ſenſe, "if, after what
"have ſeen you ſuffer, God does not reward yo
"with one of the beſt places in hell for all you
"trouble, he will certainly do you very great in
"juſtice."

Let us add to this ſally of wit, which is bu
one of many thouſands that came from the mout
of this excellent man, who was very fruitful in jeſt
and in ſayings full of wit and wiſdom, the followin
ſtory, which he relates in one of his works, about a
holy hermit, called Pambe. This pious man, havin
been ſent for by his biſhop, whoſe name was Atha
naſe, and having preſently begun his journey, me
on his road a lady moſt magnificently dreſſed, an
who, by her beauty, drew the attention of every bo
dy. The ſaint having looked upon her, like the reſt
was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, and immediately burſ
out into tears. Thoſe who were near him ſeein
him in this manner, aſked what was the occaſion o
his ſadneſs? "Two reaſons," replied he to them,
"make me ſhed the tears which ſurprize you; th
"firſt is, the fatal impreſſion which this woma
"makes upon all who look upon her; and the ſe
"cond, the grief which penetrates me when I think
"that I have not yet taken, for my ſanctification,
"and

"and for to please God, half the trouble which this "woman gives herself to please men."

O good Pambe, but you were mistaken when you talked in this manner! You, as well as that woman, and all who looked upon her, were grosly deceived. If she had taken all that pains to deck and adjust herself, it was not certainly to please her admirers, who perhaps were quite unknown to her. No; it was to please Lord Lucifer, whose habitation she greatly wished to dwell in; an ardent desire, to satisfy which all the troubles and sufferings which her dressing cost her were but trifles, as they are indeed but a pure amusement to all the women who resemble her, and whose number is so great in the world. But let us proceed.

CHAP. X.

The fifth place in Hell is occupied by the military.

NEXT to the ladies, there are no creatures more passionate for Hell, nor more devoted to it, than the soldiery. Nothing troubles them, when the service of their good lord and master Lucifer is in question, and when they can prove their perfect devotion to him. Captivity and fetters, prisons and loss of limbs, are looked upon as so many badges of honour.

honour. Only examine their faces and their figures; both will declare to you the maſter whom they ſerve, and to whom they belong. Their pale complexions, their tawny countenances, their tanned ſkins, their bodies, which have more the air of carcaſes or ſkeletons than human figures; their bodies, I ſay, loaded with wounds, exhauſted by the labours which they have undergone, with diſtempers, which conſume them, with vermin, which gnaw them while alive; with hunger, which devours them, with the exceſſive heats which they have been juſt roaſted with, the rigorous cold by which they have been frozen, not being covered with any thing but rags: in ſhort, the comfortleſs remainder of a life, which, to the lateſt moment, they are ſtill ready to ſacrifice, for a poor and wretched ſtipend. Theſe miſeries, which we ſee them not only bear with courage, but with delight, plainly ſhew, that the moſt powerful, the moſt predominant of all their paſſions, is their deſire for the infernal regions. Nay, farther to confirm it, hear them but ſpeak three ſentences; to each of them they add ſome ardent exclamation, by which they, with the utmoſt energy, declare the deſire they have to go thither; ſuch as, "The devil take me! the "devil ſeize me! the devil choak me! the devil fly "away with me!" and many ſuch ejaculatory prayers, in the ſame taſte, which very naturally expreſs their earneſt wiſh to go as ſoon as poſſible to him they

they thus ſo heartily invoke, and almoſt every inſtant.

Nor are theſe exclamations words of courſe, deſires in ſpeculation, or a mere wiſhing, unaccompanied with an intention of performance. No; on the contrary, they are attended with actions which are highly meritorious, and very efficacious before Lord Lucifer, to whom it is their only care to make their court. It is to pleaſe him we ſee them carrying on a continual war with honour, piety, religion, with the inhabitants of Heaven, as well as earth; in ſhort, with God himſelf. It is from theſe motives that we every day behold them robbing poor peaſants of their goods and money, carrying away their cattle, burning their houſes, their ſtables, and their barns, with all that they contain; tearing their children from them without mercy; and violating, even in their very ſight, their wives, their daughters, and their ſervants. With the ſame view it is they exerciſe all kinds of inhumanities, putting to fire and ſword, without diſtinction, the poor defenceleſs cities, who have no other connexion with the war than that of undergoing theſe diſaſters.

How many delightful countries, flouriſhing cities, rich towns, lands (before they came thither) flowing with milk and honey, have we ſeen changed, by their ſhocking rapines and exceſſes, ſome into ſolitudes and deſarts, and others into heaps of aſhes and ruins! How many of theſe furies have we ſeen aiming their

ſacrilegious rage againſt God himſelf, plunder his very temples, carry away all their richeſt ornaments, and even crown the whole of theſe impieties, by burning or demoliſhing them! Laſtly, proceeding to exceſſes which every nation has with juſtice looked on as abominations, ſuch as diſturbing the very dead, violating their burial ceremonies, forcing their way into the vaults and monuments of princes and of heroes, whoſe names alone, whilſt living, made their enemies tremble, robbing them even of theſe laſt diſtinctions, which human veneration for their greatneſs, had, after death, adorned them with, and conſecrated to their memories, ſuch as their golden crowns, the badges of their orders, their armour, with their ſwords, their helmets and atchievements. Bearing away the urns of gold or ſilver, which had contained their aſhes or their entrails; breaking their coffins open, and diſperſing, with indignity, about, the ſad, but truly venerable, relics of thoſe demi gods on earth *. O Heaven! canſt thou permit theſe

* It is to be ſeen in the hiſtory of the laſt age, that all theſe horrors have been committed in one of the ſtates of an empire, which has never been exalted ſince that time, by the armies of a prince, whoſe flatterers have placed in the rank of the greateſt monarchs that have ever reigned in Europe. A fine idea which theſe people had of the greatneſs of ſovereigns!

these horrors to be acted, and dost not on the very spot revenge them! Oh, where then sleeps the lightning and the thunderbolts? But thou hast left to Lucifer the care of giving to these actions the reward they deserve. In fine, as it is for him alone they give themselves up to these abominations, which none but he could have inspired them with; as it is the inexpressible love they bear to this infernal monarch, which makes them do these actions, it is consequently his business to pay them their deserts. Heaven, than which nothing less busies their care, and to obtain which they would be very loth to undertake even the merest trifle, has nothing to observe, nothing to say, repeating all their deeds. It is to Lord Lucifer to whom they most especially belong, to whom they are most especially devoted, as to their worthy and their only master, to him, I say, it is that it belongs to judge of all their actions, and consequently to give them in his empire (a zeal for which has ever been the motive of these actions) those dignities and those apartments which they perfectly deserve to fill.

But, if amongst the whole body of the soldiery there is any class which merits more particular distinction, it surely is that rank of subaltern officers to which they give the name of Quarter-masters; as they are by their posts charged with the care of finding out, preparing, and assigning quarters to the soldiers, there is no art or trick, no stratagem, no violence,

violence, they do not put in practice to make whatever profit in their power in this part of their business. In consequence of which, whenever these spungers enter the house of any man of substance, they first begin with telling him a frightful story of all the miseries attending a military life, assuring him they are in want of every thing, which only is a civil prologue to the scurvy play of plundering him, to serve these several needs. The first scene opens with putting on his gloves; his boots are the next object; then their affection fixes on his cloak: these being obtained, with hat in one hand, and pistol in the other, (the muzzle to his breast) with a low bow, and all the complaisance imaginable, they let him know his life is at stake, unless he instantly delivers up his house, and every thing in it, to the discretion of his company, whom he must quarter there. The frighted gentleman, not indeed much used to such compliments, runs off terrified; his servants follow the example; and thus the soldier remains sole master of the field.

And now, behold his company arrived. Plunder is the word, and they begin at once: a search for keys is needless; soldiers can break down doors. A foot, a hatchet, or any thing that happens in their way, will serve the turn as well. With like agility, they make their way to closets, cupboards, chests and coffers. All they can find is lawful prize with them: barns, granaries and storehouses, filled with all kinds

of

of corn, is noble plunder. In vaults and cellars, to ſtop and pierce the wine barrels, would be too much trouble: a piſtol bullet does the buſineſs at once. The better ſort they drink and waſte themſelves; the common kind ſerves for their trulls and ſtrumpets.

THE ſheep-folds, cow-houſes, and hog-ſties, become in the next place a ſcene of dreadful butchery of every thing at that time worth the killing. The reſt is carried off. An equal ſlaughter too amongſt the poultry. Cocks, hens, and capons, turkies, and pullets, ducks, drakes and mallards, geeſe and ganders, are all unmercifully jumbled in one common maſſacre; all ſwept away together, plucked, ſpitted, roaſted, broiled and fried, and all devoured, even to the very bones; or ſhould ſome cold remains chance to be left, the knapſack receives and carries them off.

DURING this dreadful pillage and diſorder, the poor affrighted farmer, hid in his hay-loft, or in his pigeon-houſe, is trembling for his life, which he thinks that this riotous crew will ſcarcely leave him. He wiſhes, from his heart, that they were gone, though with the loſs of every thing he has. But they have yet no thought of giving him ſo great a ſatisfaction. Their quarters are too good to leave ſo ſoon. If they do go, it is when they can ſtay no longer there; that is to ſay, when they have drank his cellar dry, and left him nothing in his houſe but the

bare walls; and happy may he think himself if they do not set fire to them when they go away.

Now, tell me, wherefore do you suppose that they commit these disorders? Do you think that it is necessity forces them to all these base actions? No, not at all; it was not ten miles off they did the same. To-day, and yesterday, to-morrow and the next day, are all the same to them; all times, all places, give them opportunity to exercise the same pernicious riots. Necessity, that pressing motive, might indeed excuse, at least might palliate, these excesses: but they have not that plea to offer in their favour. It is the delight, the joy they find in mischief; it is the desire they have to please and to obey Lord Lucifer, who, to recompense them, waits for them a few steps off, either in some ambuscade, or at the head of some party of the enemy. It is for a kind reception in his kingdom that they commit unnecessary ravage; knowing that nothing can please him more than doing all the mischief that they can. It is to obtain from him a favourable passport, by virtue of which they are well received, and treated with respect upon the road, as being his friends and favourites. As far then, as old Charon * can perceive them

* The barge-man of Hell; the poets have given him the employment of transporting the souls of the dead into these dreary abodes.

them coming, he hoists his sail, and rows his crazy boat up to the landing place, where he must take them, that they may not wait a moment. When they have passed over the Styx †, which they do in the glance of an eye, the kindly passport they have got from Lucifer produces the same effect on Cerberus ‡. This monster, whose frightful triple throat, with his terrible roarings, frights all other sinners; this monster, I say, knowing them to be his master's friends, far from barking at them, comes, on the contrary, to meet them, and testifies to them the satisfaction he has in seeing them arrive safe, and in so large a number, by his leaping, wagging his tail, his cries of joy, his capers, and a hundred other caresses. The Furies §, those merciless monsters, who favour no body, and whose usual employment is to torment the souls of the dead; the Furies, I say, give the most gracious reception possible, compliment

† A river of Hell, which, according to the poets, all souls must go over after death, before they reach the place appointed for them.

‡ A monstrous and huge dog with three heads, to whom the poets have given the charge of guarding the passages of Hell.

§ The goddesses of Hell. There are three in number, and are named Alecto, Mægara and Tysiphone. The poets have supposed them to possess in Hell the employment of punishing the wicked.

them upon their arrival, embrace them, and treat them like their worthy brethren: they open the gates of Tartarus † to them, and give to the Quarter-masters here the care of appointing to every one of their soldiers the apartments which they deserve.

CHAP. XI.

Who occupies the sixth and last place in Hell. A picture of Envy.

LET us place the Envious here, in the last class of the friends and martyrs of Lucifer. What dreadful torments do not these people suffer while upon earth for to render themselves worthy of him! Jealous of the least prosperity, of the most middling fortune, of the least success that others have, we see them imitate their infernal mother, whose picture an elegant poet has drawn so hideous, but very true, in the following verses.

Livid

† The very dungeon of Hell, in which, according to the poets, the souls of wicked persons were tormented with all sorts of punishments, according to their crimes.

Livid and meagre were her looks; her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry:
An hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſs'd,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt:
Her teeth were brown with ruſt, and from her tongue
In dangling drops the ſtringy poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep;
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep.
Reſtleſs in ſpite; while, watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy:
Foe to herſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormentor in her breaſt.
——————Where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful courſe, a mighty blaſt appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waſte:
On mortals next, and peopled towns ſhe falls,
And breathes a burning plague amongſt their walls.
Ovid, b. 2. v. 777.

THIS is truly a picture of the envious, drawn from the life. This is the life which they lead upon earth. Theſe are the excellent and worthy fruits their labours yield. Do they not well deſerve then after death to be rewarded with a place in Hell, near unto their dreadful mother?

WE may conclude from all this, that Hell is ſurely a great bleſſing, becauſe, as we have proved, the

world in general desire it so passionately, and even subject themselves with pleasure, in hopes of gaining it, to every thing that human nature can undergo most painful; in short, to every thing that she could possibly suffer, to obtain the most supreme happiness.

CHAP. XII.

The excellence of Hell with regard to its good neighbourhood.

AMONGST the great number of reasons which make men prefer the dwelling of Hell to any other whatsoever, I doubt not that one of the most principal is the precious advantage it has of being in a good neighbourhood. In short, there is not in this world any inconvenience, any situation, so disagreeable, as that of being in a bad neighbourhood. It was from that reason, that the Jews, who are the most antient nation at this day subsisting in the world, have reckoned it amongst the curses they bestowed on their enemies, a misfortune, which they look on as one of the greatest that ever came out of Pandora's box ‡. Nay,

‡ An admirable woman, formed by Vulcan. The poet

May, so certain, so evident is this truth, that the kingdoms, states, and empires of the world might flatter themselves with an eternal prosperity, was it not for the desolation and destruction which is brought on the greatest part of them, from their having wicked and evil neighbours. A good neighbourhood has such advantages, and carries such satisfaction with it, that it infinitely increases the delight of any dwelling, however delightful in itself. On this account it is, that Cato advises every one who is about to purchase any possession, to take care, above all things, to inform and satisfy himself of the worth and character of those who live around it. Nor was this inestimable advantage unknown or unnoticed by those who lived even long before him: for we read, in ancient history, that Themistocles, that celebrated Athenian general, having put up one of his houses to sale, took great care to give information to

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poets say, that she had received some perfection from each of the gods. Jupiter, enraged against Prometheus, who had stolen fire from heaven to animate the man which he had made, sent Pandora down to earth with a fatal box, which Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus, opened, and immediately flew out from it every kind of disease and misfortune which has ever since tormented the world. There remained only Hope, which was found at the bottom of the fatal box.

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thoſe who had any deſire to buy it, by the public cryer, that it was ſituated in a good neighbourhood.

Now this we can aſſure you is the caſe of Hell; and can produce to you, as authorities of the truth of our aſſertion, a ſet of people, whoſe teſtimony will certainly not be diſputed, ſince they have been looked on as infallible, not only with regard to this point, but in ſeveral others. Theſe are the grave and irrefragable doctors of divinity; who have all aſſured us, with as much boldneſs and certainty, as if they had themſelves ſeen it, that the frontiers of the infernal empire are inhabited by people of the moſt quiet, the moſt pacific diſpoſitions in the world, and the moſt incapable of breeding any kind of miſchief, doing even the ſmalleſt injury, or giving the very ſlighteſt offence to their neighbours.

And now, I know you are going eagerly to aſk me, which is the delightful country, where ſo much quiet, ſo much ſweetneſs reigns? I anſwer, in a word, it is Purgatory. A country, as it is ſaid, inhabited by children who have died yet unregenerate: by which you may conceive it is the habitation of innocence and candour; perfections, it is much, if we ever meet with here on earth.

The learned writers, who have given us a deſcription of that country, aſſure us, it was formerly inhabited, during the ſpace of four thouſand years, by pious and ſacred perſons, who neither were leſs quiet, nor leſs innocent. But, that, at the end of that time, they

they quitted this habitation to go to a much better one, where, notwithſtanding, they have ſtill remained to keep up a friendly correſpondence with the inhabitants of Hell, their former neighbours. The truth of this relation we alſo further learn, from the account of the wicked rich man we have before mentioned; in which we find that one of the ancient inhabitants of Purgatory, in ſpeaking to him, gives him even the tender name of Son. Nor can we at all doubt, that, in imitation of theſe ſacred perſons, their ſucceſſors, the new inhabitants of Purgatory give alſo to their neighbours the ſweet and tender titles of Papa and Mama, as we behold the little Foundlings do to thoſe who talk to or careſs them.

CHAP. XIII.

The unſpeakable utility of Hell.

BUT, if the peace and good agreement which is maintained by the inhabitants of Hell with their neighbours increaſes the worth of the place, it ſurely has ſeveral other properties which no leſs add to it. One of the firſt which preſents itſelf to the mind is its uſefulneſs.

THE greateſt part of the works of men, particularly thoſe which moſt excite our admiration, are ra-

ther monuments of their vanity and oſtentation, than uſeful works. Recall to mind thoſe celebrated pyramids of Egypt, of which we hear ſo much boaſting; aſk thoſe enormous heaps of ſtone, placed in the midſt of deſarts, whoſe tops ſeem to reach the very clouds, and for the building which three or four hundred thouſand workmen were for ſcores of years employed; aſk them, I ſay, of what uſe they are; what purpoſe they have ever anſwered? It is a point the ancienteſt hiſtorians have never told, and what the modern ones will never be able to inform us of: ſhould they not then be looked on as ridiculous monuments of the vanity of thoſe who built them? as labours equally uſeleſs and expenſive?

LET us in the next place caſt our eyes upon that famous obeliſk of Semiramis, which was an hundred and fifty feet in height, and four and twenty in circumference: it was of one ſingle ſtone, and that ſtone had been cut in the mountains of Armenia. Now, how many artiſts, how many labourers, how many machines, muſt there have been employed, to cut, to model, to draw this huge maſs of ſtone? How many carriages and horſes to drag it even to the river's ſide, where it was to be embarked? How many floats and barges muſt be uſed to tranſport it from that place to Babylon, where it was to be, and was erected in one of the ſquares of that large and magnificent city? And for what purpoſe, pray, was all this immenſe expence? Only for a moment to amuſe the

the curiosity of passengers: to have the childish pleasure of hearing all the boobies of that age and country cry out with astonishment: "See, there's an e-"normous stone!" Would not a good hospital, well-endowed, either for poor or sick, for aged, for orphans, or for invalids; an hospital, whose foundation would surely not have cost one half of the expence it did to erect this mass of stone, quite useless to the Babylonians, been of a thousand times the advantage to that nation, and done far more honour to Semiramis?

WHAT more can be said of that other folly, which, notwithstanding the ancients have called it one of the wonders of the world, I mean that Colossal statue of brass, which the Rhodians erected at the mouth of their port ‡, and was of so great a size, that the largest

‡ Pliny and Zonarus relate, that it was seventy feet in height: It was the workmanship of Charles of Lendos, and was cast down by an earthquake. These historians say, that there were but few people able to clasp round its thumb; and that each of its fingers were larger than many whole statues. Its fall discovering some of its cavities, there were found many large stones in them, wherewith the skilful workman had contrived so to poise and counterballance the weight of the statue, as to render it intirely firm against all the attacks of any storm whatsoe-

ver.

veſſels could go betwixt its legs, in full ſail; one of which was fixed on each of the two moles which formed the entrance of the harbour. Tell me, for Heaven's ſake, of what uſe could this huge piece of work be to the Rhodians, which muſt have coſt them ſuch vaſt ſums? None at all: unleſs they ſet it up to terrify their children, as the mothers, maids and nurſes do at this time, with the ſtories of giants and witches.

THE ſame queſtion may alſo be aſked in regard to that famous labyrinth of Crete; another of the wonders of the world; or, rather, a wonder of fooliſhneſs; which the poets have left us ſome pompous deſcriptions of. A work that muſt have coſt king Minos, by whoſe orders it was built, vaſt ſums of money. And, after all, for what purpoſe? Why truly, to encloſe a monſter; which, for the honour of that prince, and ſtill more ſo for that of his wife, ought to have been ſtrangled at its birth, rather than kept, in this pompous manner, to render their infamy immortal. Here is what Ovid ſays about it:

Now Minos, landed on the Cretan ſhore,
Performs his vows to Jove's protecting pow'r.

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ver. As it could not be erected again, it was broke to pieces, and the metal whereof it was compoſed, being ſent to be melted again, loaded three hundred camels.

An hundred bullocks of the largeſt breed,
With flowrets crown'd, before his altars bleed;
Whilſt trophies of the vanquiſh'd, brought from far,
Adorn the palace with the ſpoils of war.
Mean while the monſter of a human beaſt,
His family's reproach and ſtain, increas'd.
His double kind the rumour ſwiftly ſpread,
And evidenc'd the mother's beaſtly deed.
When Minos, willing to conceal the ſhame
That ſprung from the reports of tattling fame,
Reſolves a dark incloſure to provide,
And, far from ſight, the two-form'd creature hide.
Great Dædalus of Athens was the man
That made the draughts, and form'd the wondrous plan;
Where rooms within themſelves incircled lie,
With various windings to deceive the eye.
As ſoft Meander's wanton current plays,
Where through the Phrygian fields he looſely ſtrays;
Backward and forward rolls the dimpled tide,
Seeming at once two diff'rent ways to glide;
Whilſt circling ſtreams their former banks ſurvey,
And waters paſt ſucceeding waters ſee:
Now floating to the ſea with downward courſe,
Now pointing upward to its ancient ſource:
Such was the work, ſo intricate the place,
That ſcarce the workman all its turns could trace:
And Dædalus was puzzled how to find
The ſecret ways of what himſelf deſign'd.

These private walls the Minotaur include,
Who twice was glutted with Athenian blood.
Ovid, b. 8. v. 152.

Now, will you not agree with me, that he must have been worse than a fool to cause so magnificent an edifice as this to be built, only to enclose a monster, for which the most frightful prison, the darkest and most loathsome dungeon had been too good? In short, if Minos, who, in other respects, was really a very good king, had never been guilty of any other folly in his whole life but this, it must certainly have been more than sufficient to have entitled him to a place in the infernal regions.

From all these premises then we may conclude, that the most part of those things, which we are apt the most to admire, are very often nothing else but mere superfluous works.

But this cannot be said of Hell: for, besides that he by whom it was founded can make nothing useless, this is, perhaps, of all his works, the one which is of the greatest advantage to the world. In short, its being ordained to serve as a dungeon for the impious and wicked, who there are to experience, for ever, the severity and rigour of his divine justice, is but the smaller part of its distinction: it serves also to inspire and keep up piety in the world. You must know, and cannot avoid observing every day with your own eyes, the corruption of the world, at this

this time, to be arrived at ſo high a pitch, that although we have almoſt conſtantly before our faces priſons, gibbets, ſcaffolds, pillories, and a thouſand other inſtruments of judicial puniſhment, yet all theſe do not prevent the daily, the hourly commiſſion of the crimes which deſerve theſe chaſtiſements; and as there would be no longer any ſafety upon the earth, if theſe ſcare-crow employments, which juſtice has ſet up to keep the wicked within bounds were aboliſhed; ſo, if you were to deprive men of the dread which they have, and ought to have, of Hell, they would become the fierceſt of all ſavages; and every man would be obliged to follow the example of that monarch, who was called the Iron Prince, from never putting off his ſuit of armour, which was of that metal: for, without ſome defence of that kind, it would be quite impoſſible to ſtir out of doors, or even ſhew our heads out of a window, for fear of being ſhot by ſome wretch: if therefore we perceive ſtill ſome ſmall remains of probity or virtue, of piety or humanity, in the world, it is to Hell, and the ſalutary fear which it inſpires, we are obliged for it. For, as Horace ſays,

The dread of puniſhment keeps villains honeſt.

Nay, I will ſay ſtill more, and advance a truth, which, however inconteſtible, may perhaps appear ſurpriſing, nay, even ſcarcely be believed with ſome,

and

and that is, that this fear makes a more lively impreſſion on the hearts of men than either the charms of virtue, or the great rewards themſelves promiſed to thoſe who practiſe it, commonly do. It has been ſaid, that the fear of correction keeps ſlaves to their duty; but we are, in this reſpect, an hundred times worſe than ſlaves, mere aſſes, who cannot be drove onwards in the road of virtue, without being ſpurred up continually with the horrors of thoſe infernal puniſhments, which we cannot eſcape, if we ſtray from it. Since Hell then is productive of ſo much good, can we, without injuſtice, or even without ingratitude, refuſe to it the praiſes which are its due? It not this praiſe a duty laid upon us, and which we deſerve puniſhment for any failure in?

It is related of the emperor Charles V. who was no leſs valuable for his love of juſtice, than for the vaſt number of his famous atchievements, that one day going by a gallows, he ſaluted it, by pulling off his hat; and bowing reſpectfully, he ſpoke to it in theſe words, "O noble juſtice, all hail!" And this he did from a full perſuaſion, that the very ſight would debar the wicked from the commiſſion of their crimes. Now, if this ſingle reaſon was ſufficient to induce ſo great an emperor to treat that tool of ignominy with ſo much reſpect, what veneration ſhould we not conceive for Hell, which, beſides its being the great tribunal of God's juſtice upon the wicked after death, is, during life, one of the moſt powerful

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ſpurs for men, to excite them to the practice of virtue? Should we not, every time we hear its name mentioned, every time that we think on it, every time any image of it is preſented to our view, ſhould we not, I ſay, after the example of that great emperor, take off our hats reſpectfully, and pay it every kind of honour poſſible? Let us, with regard to this, imitate thoſe well bred children, whom their preceptors teach to kiſs the rod wherewith they have been chaſtiſed, as being the inſtrument of their amendment. Let us in like manner, kiſs the images of Hell, and tenderly embrace all thoſe who tell us of it, ſince it is in this world the principal and ſource of ours.

THERE is no one (except the greateſt libertine) but muſt admire the wiſe eſtabliſhment which the wealthy and famous city of Amſterdam has made of an houſe of correction, which, in their language, they call Beeter-Huys: a houſe almoſt wonderful, and which is daily working the moſt extraordinary miracles. In ſhort, however debauched, however wicked, however abandoned, are the perſons put into it, ſcarcely have they ſpent a few months in it, but they are found to throw up all their extravagancies, and become almoſt ſo many Cato's. Nay, why ſhould I ſay thoſe who are in it? Even the very ſmell of this improving houſe, ſpreads ſuch an healthful odour through the public, that ſometimes it has been found ſufficient for the reclaiming of a youth juſt entering

tering on the first stages of immorality, only to name it to him: a wonderful effect, without doubt; but which is nothing in comparison with that which should be wrought on us only by the name of Hell, which is a more perfect Beeter-Huys: wherefore Solomon has said to us, "My son, in all that thou "dost, have Hell before thine eyes, and thou shalt "not sin."

CHAP. XIV.

Of the surprising wonders which are to be seen in Hell.

WE have as yet only reached the entrance of the outside of this dismal abode, and viewed the objects within it only at a distance; let us therefore advance a little nearer, and survey the interior part of it, to see what passes there, and what is to be met with most remarkable.

AT the first step we take, we shall be obliged to confess, that he who has created Hell, has also assembled in it such a number of wonders, as are not to be met with throughout the whole world, and which it is quite impossible for man to imitate. Although they have employed themselves through a long series of ages to compose all sorts of fire-works; nay, tho', in

in these our days, we have brought that art to a degree of perfection which appears admirable to us; yet, what are all these artificial fires in comparison with that of Hell? Boast as we will, with all the exaggerations possible, the violence and fury of the flames of Etna, Hecla, Vesuvius, and all the other burning mountains through the universe; say what we please of fires kindled and supported in furnaces and forges: not to mention, that the violence and vivacity of their heat cannot be carried beyond a certain degree, I need but ask, if there has ever yet, or ever will be, found, a fire to last, even for many days, without the application of fresh fuel?

WITHOUT doubt, you will answer me, the thing is impossible; that no artificer, philosopher, or chymist, however skilful, has ever yet discovered, or ever can discover, such a secret. All this I know as well as you, and even can inform you, that an attempt to find it would be to no purpose. And yet this secret, which all the industry, and all the sagacity of human understanding, which even Nature, all surprising as she is throughout her works, not only never could, but never will be able to produce, is but the very least of all those wonders which you see as soon as you enter the gates of Hell. Such is that fire which has from its creation ever burnt there, and shall burn for ever, without fresh fuel. This is amongst those wonders we never can admire enough; but

but it is not the only one, for this miraculous fire affords us many others, which are as wonderful.

THE fire we have on earth, altho' it is but a very imperfect image of that in Hell, yet it deſtroys, diſſolves, conſumes, and turns to aſhes whatever it exerciſes its active power upon. Trees, foreſts, houſes, towns, it makes the objects of its ravage, and devours and conſumes them all. Nothing like this in the infernal fire: for though it is a thouſand times hotter, and more furious, than all thoſe of the world put together, or even than imagination's ſelf can paint, yet neither its heat nor fury can reach to any thing but ſouls, which it burns without conſuming them, and which it ſhall ſtill burn eternally: nor can they ever paſs theſe limits which have been preſcribed them.

Now this is ſo real a fact, and ſo inconteſtable, that tho' the place the Romiſh church calls Purgatory, in which they ſay ſouls remain till they have expunged the ſtains which they have ever borne; although, I ſay, this Purgatory is ſeparated from Hell, according to ſome of the writers of that communion, only by a ſpider's web, or, according to others, with walls of paper, which form the boundaries and roof of it, yet do the ſouls which are incloſed in it remain in perfect ſecurity. They apprehend not that the devouring flames which are felt in their neighbourhood will conſume the ſlender thin partition that ſeparates them from it. Nor do they fear in the leaſt that

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their inſupportable heat ſhould reach to them; in ſhort, they are as eaſy on this point, as if this ſlight diviſion, which in appearance is moſt combuſtible, had been dipped in the venom of Salamanders §, which might have power to extinguiſh all the heat. In this particular, the infernal flames may be compared to thoſe wandering lights which we often ſee in the ſummer, flying about on the ſea and land, and which our philoſophers call Corpo Santo, and mariners diſtinguiſh by the name of Saint Helmo, which often ſettle on the ſkins of animals; on the cloaths and bodies of travellers; on the maſts, ſails, cordage, and ſides of ſhips: and there burn out without doing the leaſt harm. So it is with regard to the ſouls in Purgatory, which, however ſurrounded, and as it were enveloped, with the devouring flames of Hell, are not on that account at all the hotter: a wonder, in which Heaven makes her juſtice moſt conſpicuous; which ought to do, and conſequently does place a great

§ An inſect of the lizard kind, whereof not only the bite, but the very ſpittle, is mortal. Its venom is of ſo cold a nature, that it differs very little in its effect from that of the aconite. From the writings of the ancients, with reſpect to it, it was for a long time thought, that this animal lived in fire. The occaſion of this opinion has certainly been its throwing out a liquid from its body of ſo cold a nature as to put out a fire, if not very violent.

great odds between the torments deſtined for the puniſhment of crimes, and thoſe which only ſerve to expiate ſuch weakneſſes as are inſeparable from human nature.

ANOTHER quality of our terreſtrial fire is, that it carries along with it a certain ſplendor, greater or leſs, in proportion to its ſize and vivacity. This light, this brilliancy, will even ſhew itſelf in the moſt trifling ſparks, in the ſmalleſt particles of this element. But this is not the caſe with the flames of Hell, how lively, how devouring ſoever they may be. They are a gloomy, black, and diſmal fire, which caſt not the leaſt light. Wherefore, our holy writings often name Hell The place of darkneſs, and Lucifer the Prince of darkneſs. This remark ſhews us a ſingularity between the bleſſed and the damned, which carries with it ſomething ſurpriſing in reſpect to both. In ſhort, the former in Heaven (at leaſt as they have been repreſented to us) are circled round with a reſplendent and enlightened flame, which has been called a Glory, but which neither burns them nor conſumes them; whilſt the latter, by the juſt reverſe of this, though in the midſt of flames, which are continually devouring them, enjoy not the leaſt ſpark of any light, as Saint Gregory aſſures us, who ſaw, and who has left us many very fine viſions on that head.

LASTLY, another quality of our fire is, to give heat to all thoſe who come near it. Whilſt, on the contrary,

contrary, that of Hell, even while it burns the damned, produces on them an effect directly oppofite; and cauſes them ſometimes to experience ſo ſevere a cold as often makes them ſhudder, and gnaſh their teeth together, like perſons in the cold fit of an ague, or the inhabitants of the frozen regions of the north. All theſe truths, which are indeed atteſted to us in the holy writings, have alſo been repeated by that great and celebrated African Doctor, whom the Romiſh church has placed amongſt the number of her ſaints and fathers, and looks upon as one of her oracles. "The Almighty," ſays he, "foreſeeing what "would happen, created at the beginning of the "world the fire of Hell very different from ours, in "that, being once kindled, it never ſhall go out. "There is no need that men, or angels, or the de"vils themſelves, ſhould ſtir it up, or add freſh wood, "or any other combuſtible, to keep it up. It burns "without conſuming, or caſting the ſmalleſt light: "in ſhort, it is wonderful, and worthy of the wrath "of God, who kindled it for to exerciſe and ſatisfy "his juſtice." But let us continue to run over all the other miracles of this abode.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The impoſſibility of getting out of Hell.

THE famous labyrinth in the iſland of Crete is much ſpoken of in ancient hiſtory, which we not long ſince gave you ſome idea of from the deſcription left us by one of the moſt elegant poets of antiquity. It was, as we have ſeen, a large and magnificent building, conſtructed in ſuch a manner, that when a perſon once entered it, there was no manner of difficulty in the going thro' every part of it. But if he wanted to get out of it, and was for that purpoſe deſirous of re-treading his ſteps again, inſtead of being able to get to the door he came in at, he only wandered about more and more, deceived by the near reſemblance of the windings, avenues, and buildings, ſo that it was not poſſible for him ever to find again the way he came in. So it is with the infernal habitation. Nothing is eaſier that to get into it. An hundred and an hundred gates, always open, are ready at all ſeaſons to receive whoever preſent themſelves. Without having any need for a guide, you may run through every nook and corner of it without any obſtacle; but if the perſons once got in ſhould deſire to get out again, as often happens,

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it proves a real labyrinth to them, from which it is impossible to escape. For, as the prince of Latin poets says,

Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade,
And Hell's black gates for ever stand display'd;
But 'tis a long unconquerable pain
To climb to these etherial realms again.
Virg. Æneid, Lib. 4.

To no purpose may we make all imaginary attempts for that; in vain tread over all our steps again. The more we advance, the more we go astray: in vain try to mark vestiges of those who have gone before us in this vast habitation. Like the road to the lion's den in the fable, we see the footsteps of those who have come in, but not a single one of any person, who ever has got out again. There shall you not meet one charitable soul to put you on your way; no mistress, no Ariadne * procuring for her Theseus the means of getting out of this dark dwelling. Not Lucifer himself, though you should promise him to

E sacrifice

* A daughter of Minos, king of Crete, who, falling in love with Theseus, gave him a clue of thread, by the means of which, he found his way out of the labyrinth, after having killed the Minotaur. In return, he carried off this princess, whom he afterwards abandoned in the isle of Naxos.

facrifice every day three hundred bulls, would lend you even the leaſt of his imps to aſſiſt you to get out.

In vain may it be alledged, to weaken this truth, that Hercules found means to get out of this gloomy place, and even carry Cerberus along with him; that Æneas, with the aſſiſtance of the golden branch, and led by the old Cumæan ſybil, took the ſame journey to ſee his father. That Orpheus made his way to it whilſt living, to go and ſeek his dear and fair Euridice †, who was reſtored to him, thanks to the charms of his voice, and the ſweet harmony of his lyre; a favour which, however, his violent exceſs of love occaſioned him to reap no benefit from. To this I anſwer, that all the world now know, that theſe pretended miracles are nothing but fables, with which the poets for two thouſand years amuſed mankind; and which for a long time paſt have had no other uſe amongſt us, but to amuſe the lads in ſchools and colleges.

It

† The ancient poets have ſaid, that he was the ſon of Apollo: that the rivers ceaſed to run; trees and rocks were animated to go to liſten to him; and the wildeſt animals became tame at the ſound of his voice. His grief for the loſing his wife the ſecond time, made him grow an enemy to all women, which exaſperated thoſe of Thrace where he lived, to ſuch a rage againſt him, that they tore him to pieces.

It is true, that it has alſo been related (for at no period of the world have there been wanting tale-makers and enthuſiaſts) that a certain emperor § a very good man, and a certain woman, whom they have named Falcouilla, although they both died in paganiſm, did, after having continued ſome time with Lucifer, obtain permiſſion to leave his kingdom at the interceſſion of a certain ſaint, and to go, as it is ſaid, into the celeſtial glory. It is alſo true that according to the belief of the church of Rome, not only the popes, cardinals, archbiſhops and biſhops, but alſo every little prieſt or monk, boaſts of the right of releaſing as many ſouls as he chuſes out of Purgatory, which, as we have ſhewn, is the antichamber of Hell; an antichamber, which, by the account they give of it,

§ M. Ulpius Trajanus, one of the beſt princes that the Roman empire ever had. He ſucceeded Nerva, reigned twenty years, and died lamented by the whole empire. It is ſaid, that St. Gregory the pope, who lived above four hundred and fifty years after the death of the emperor, ſeeing one day a ſtatue, which repreſented him, alighting from on horſeback, although in very great haſte to depart on a military expedition, to do juſtice to a woman who demanded it of him, was ſo affected with this act of equity, that he begged of God to releaſe the ſoul of this prince out of Hell; which was granted him, but upon condition, that he ſhould make no more ſuch requeſts.

it, muſt have two doors, one, thro' which they bring out thoſe bleſſed ſouls which they think fit to ſend up to Heaven; and another, at which they ſend in the new comers, who are to occupy the vacant places. But as the other ſects of the chriſtian religion adopt not this doctrine of tranſmigration, but, on the contrary, look on it as a fable, invented only to put money into the pockets of thoſe who urge its belief, this opinion, whether true or falſe, will not in the leaſt weaken that general law, eſtabliſhed againſt all the inhabitants of Hell, and which condemns them to remain there for ever. The only exception which has been ever made to the law was, according to the opinion of every chriſtian, in favour of our bleſſed Redeemer, who, like another Dædalus, is the only one who has ever been able to get out from this labyrinth, wherefrom he returned upon this earth, where he dwelt forty days longer, at the expiration of which, cleaving, like an eagle, the immenſe ſpaces of the air, aſcended on the wings of his immortality, to that heavenly abode, which he had not quitted but to perform the great maſter-work of our redemption. This is the only inſtance; and had you as many eyes as Argus † had formerly, and thoſe a thouſand times redoubled,

† Son of Acaſtor. The poets have given him an hundred eyes, ninety-eight of which were always open,

redoubled, I defy you to find any body who ever did the like.

CHAP. XVI.

Of the extent of Hell.

EVERY person, who has had the curiosity to travel to Japan, tell us, that the prisons in that country are so little, and so very narrow, that those who are put into them have hardly room to move. This is, undoubtedly, a terrible inconvenience: but there is no such to be found in Hell; let us, on this point, only refer to the authority of one of our most famous theologists, a writer so well versed in these matters, that it would be great injustice in Lucifer, was he not to honour him with the title of Geographer

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en, whilst the others successively were closed in sleep. He was chosen by Juno to watch Io, whom Jupiter was in love with, and had transformed into a cow, to preserve her from the jealousy of that goddess. Mercury made him fall asleep by the sound of his pipe, and killed him by Jupiter's command. Juno, to reward the fidelity of his spy, changed him into a peacock, whose circular spots of gold, green and blue, spread in the tail, represented these hundred eyes.

grapher of Hell *. From the moſt accurate menſuration and ſurvey that he has made of that place, its extent muſt be at leaſt five miles ſquare.

It is not improbable, that at firſt view this ſpace will appear to you not large enough to contain the vaſt number of its inhabitants; but a moment's reflexion will certainly ſet you right, and make you to confeſs that it is not only enough, but much more than ſufficient for to hold even millions of millions of ſouls, when you ſhall know that a hundred of them, and more, do not fill up a hundred part of the ſpace which one ſingle body does here on earth. You may perhaps, beſides, have heard of, nor is it impoſſible, that you have ſeen, at Rome, thoſe famous theatres and amphitheatres, ſuch as that of M. Scaurus, which, according to Pliny's account, contained fourſcore thouſand ſpectators; that of Veſpaſian, which held above an hundred thouſand, with other leſſer ones, as thoſe of Pompey and Marcellus, and that of Fidenæ, whoſe fall was ſo fatal to thoſe who came to ſee the games which were there repreſented †. From a comparitive view

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* Drexelius.

† There periſhed twenty thouſand people by this accident, who had come from Rome and other neighbouring places: it happened by the fall of the ſcaffolding, which not being ſufficiently ſtrong, broke down under the weighty multitude of the ſpectators.

view of the ſize of theſe edifices, and that which this learned and profound theologician has given us of Hell, we may be able to form ſome kind of judgment, how many millions of ſouls the latter may contain.

For my part, when I reflect that Hell, ſince its creation, has never loſt one of its ſubjects, who have already gone thither; that it is ſtill receiving freſh multitudes every day; and that it will ſtill continue to receive ſuch to the very period of the entire extinction of the human race (than which nothing at preſent ſeems more diſtant); it appears evident to me that its leaſt extent muſt be full what I have mentioned above. It is true, were all thoſe who are confined there to take up as much room as Tityus, to whom Virgil has given a ſpace of nine acres of ground, over which he tells us that enormous giant's body reached, in that caſe Hell, even with the ſpace we have given it, would ſtill be a million of times too little, and its inhabitants unable to move, any more than the ſaints in Heaven would be, if that place was full of nothing but St. Chriſtophers. But as it is well known, that both theſe gigantic perſonages are equally fabulous, we cannot draw the leaſt concluſion with reſpect to the point in hand, from any thing that we are told about them.

Let us conclude from all this, that Hell is full as ſpacious as it ought be; not only that its inhabitants (whoſe number is at every inſtant of the day and night increaſing) may be entirely at eaſe therein,

but alſo that whatever legions of new ſubjects may arrive, there may be ſtill ſufficient room for thoſe who ſhall come after. This too is evident from our not ſeeing any one amongſt the numbers who have taken this journey turned back for want of lodgings. Nay, more, we never find any perſon, though juſt leaving this world, entertain the leaſt uneaſineſs on that head, ſo fully ſatisfied are they all of getting apartments; which muſt certainly be no ſmall advantage to thoſe who are, and have been their whole lives, averſe to the leaſt trouble.

CHAP. XVII.

Hell very well peopled: and for what reaſon.

ANother no leſs conſiderable advantage, and which probably contributes no leſs to attract that great multitude of inhabitants which are to be found there, is its air. The ancient geographers, as well as hiſtorians, imagined, and even told us, for want of experience, in their writings, that thoſe countries which are ſituated in the equator, or under the equinoctial line, were uninhabited, and even uninhabitable. The reaſon they gave for it was, that thoſe countries being always expoſed to the burning rays of the ſun, it was quite impoſſible for men

to bear ſuch exceſſive heat: on which account they gave thoſe climates the name of the Torrid or Scorching Zone, and have repreſented them to us as countries uncultivated and uninhabited, Nature not being able, according to them, to form any productions but what the great heat of the ſun would inſtantly conſume and devour.

SUCH was formerly the ignorance of thoſe good people, and ſuch would ours, even at preſent, be, had not navigation and commerce taught us that this Torrid Zone is not only a habitable country, but alſo very well inhabited, and extremely fertile, as it is very eaſy to be proved, by the accounts we gather from ſuch of our Europeans as are going thither every day, and many of whom are often found to ſettle in thoſe countries, and fix there their own habitation and that of their families. Is is alſo known, beyond all manner of doubt, by the accounts we are conſtantly receiving from thence, that theſe people enjoy there a very good ſtate of health; that they live as long as we do in theſe countries; and that they are very little troubled with ſickneſs, which muſt certainly proceed from the dryneſs and purity of the air; for good air will give good health. Now the air of Hell being ſtill much hotter than that of the Torrid Zone, and, conſequently much dryer and purer, it neceſſarily follows, that the inhabitants of the former muſt enjoy infinitely a better ſtate of health than thoſe of the latter.

Moreover, as we obſerve, that here on earth the temperature of the air is not in every place alike, but varies according to the different climates, ſo is it alſo with reſpect to that of hell. If there are certain places wherein it is prodigiouſly hot, and to which we may, with great propriety, give the name of the Torrid Zone, there are others again where you may breathe a much more temperate air; a circumſtance which muſt be very convenient to its inhabitants: for by this means, if they are too cold, they have no more to do but to go into the quarter of the Torrid Zone, where they will find heat more than ſufficient. Are they too hot, let them, to cool themſelves, take a turn to thoſe other parts, where, as I have ſaid above, they ſometimes feel a cold as ſharp and piercing as any to be met with in the moſt diſtant countries of our Frigid Zone.

In ſhort, the moſt convincing proof of the goodneſs and purity of the air which is breathed in hell, is the ſurprizing effect which it produces on the inhabitants. It is a conſtant obſervation on earth, that the countries in which the air is drieſt, the pureſt, and the moſt reſpirable, are alſo thoſe whoſe inhabitants are the moſt healthful, the moſt robuſt, and live the longeſt. Yet, however free from ſickneſs we may continue, however perfect the health we may enjoy, how long ſoever the life beſtowed on us may laſt, though even it ſometimes ſtretches to an hundred years, nay, ſometimes, beyond it, yet there is

no

no climate ſo healthful, no air ſo pure, as to beſtow immortality on thoſe who live in it. An advantage, no doubt, truly wonderful, and which is peculiar to that which is breathed in hell. This air is ſo pure, that all the drugs, all the medicines, on earth, tho' they could be compounded even of the quinteſſence of that ſo ineſtimable philoſopher's ſtone, which has been ſought for ſo many ages, is ſtill, and will, for many ages more, be ſought for, could produce effects, that can, in any degree, come near to it. Thoſe who breathe this air, are no longer ſubject to any infirmities, to any diſeaſes, nor even to death itſelf. And from whence does this proceed? Why, from that purity and clearneſs in it, that dries up and conſumes all the peccant and vicious humours, which here on earth cauſe all thoſe changes.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the pleaſures and recreations to be met with in Hell.

THERE are a greater variety of pleaſures and diverſions here, than there is to be met with in any other place. Are you fond of eating and of good cheer? You have but to pay a viſit to Tanta-

lus ‡, who will take it extremely well of you, and receive a very ſenſible pleaſure from your favouring him with your company: you will even do him a very great piece of ſervice, by relieving him from ſome part of the embarraſſment which he continually finds himſelf incumbered with.

ARE you thirſty? The Styx, the Cocytus, and Phlegethon † offer their waves to you; of which you may drink your fill. Do you love to do nothing, a very favourite paſſion with many people in the world? Go

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‡ A king of Phrygia and Paphlagonia. The poets tell us, that one day having invited Jupiter, and the reſt of the gods to his table, in order to put their divinity and omniſcience to a trial, he cauſed his ſon Pelops to be killed, and ſerved up amongſt the other dainties. The gods however were not deceived; but knowing this execrable murder, Jupiter collected together the limbs of Pelops, and brought him to life. As to Tantalus, as a puniſhment for his abominable crime, he was condemned to Hell, to be tormented with a perpetual hunger and thirſt, yet always in ſight, and even within reach of the greateſt dainties, which however fled from him the inſtant he attempted to touch them.

† The three rivers of Hell. The two firſt are full of muddy, ſtinking, and peſtilential waters; the laſt, inſtead of water, flows with torrents of fire, into which the ſouls of criminals are ſaid to be plunged.

Go but to Theſeus §, who has been condemned to continue eternally unemployed, and he will readily reſign his ſeat to you.

In ſhort, if you are fond of idleneſs, you cannot come to any place more ſuited to your taſte than to this kingdom, where you will abſolutely find there is nothing to do. There is nobody knows what it is to till the ground, to dig ditches, or raiſe dams. As there are, in this country, no woods or foreſts, and as, beſides, there is no cold, there is, conſequently, no occaſion for felling, lopping, or cutting down trees, to furniſh firing. As the inhabitants are ſupported and maintained there wholly at free coſt, there is, conſequently, no need of ſowing, plowing, harrowing, reaping, or gathering in any ſort of grain. As they have no want, either of gold or ſilver, of cloaths or furniture, of inſtruments or tools for labour, they conſequently have no buſineſs with exploring of mines, (although there are many, and thoſe extremely rich, in this country,) nor with the carrying on any kind of manufactures. As learning is no

§ He was ſon of Egeus king of Athens. The fabulous hiſtory of him is, that he and his friend Pirithous deſcending into Hell with a deſign to have carried away Proſerpine, their plot was diſcovered; on which Pirithous was given to Cerberus, who tore him to pieces, and Theſeus was condemned to ſit ſtill to all eternity.

no longer neceſſary to them, there are no ſchools or univerſities there, and conſequently, the holidays laſt with them the whole year round, which muſt be infinitely agreeable to young people, who, for the moſt part, are naturally lazy. In ſhort, as there is no need of any one thing in this habitation, the inhabitants, conſequently, have nothing to do, which is what many people here on earth look upon as the greateſt happineſs they can enjoy.

PERHAPS, in oppoſition to the truth of this aſſertion, than which, however, nothing can be truer, you will bring the authority of Lucian †, who has written

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†. One of the moſt famous wits, not only of the age he lived in, but alſo of all antiquity. He was born at Samoſatis, and lived ninety years, to the reign of Marcus Aurelius, by whom he was ſent as governor into Egypt. He arrived to this exalted ſtation entirely through his merit, and that wit which we ſee ſhine through all his writings, in which there is to be found the moſt judicious mixture of the uſeful and the entertaining, of inſtruction and of ſatire, of erudition and of eloquence. There runs through them an almoſt continual vein of raillery on the Pagan theology, and a very keen ſatire on the conduct of the philoſophers; interſperſed with many great examples of virtue, and a moſt hearty contempt for vice, on which he throws a degree of ridicule which renders it really hateful.

ten to to the contrary. I know it as well as you do; nay, ſo ſo far from endeavouring to weaken the force of your ar argument, I ſhall, myſelf, in order to give it its fulfull ſtrength, quote in this place the very words, whichch he, on that occaſion, puts into the mouth of Menippus, who is ſuppoſed to be converſing, after his pr pretended return from Hell, with Philonides.

"" You would laugh very heartily, ſays he to his "friciriend, was you but to ſee our high-headed gentry, "whwho did ſo many glorious actions here on earth, "puput to their trumps how to get their bread; and "coconſtrained, for the ſake of earning a bare ſubſiſt-"enence, to take up, perhaps, the trade of a fiſhmon-"geger, or, as ſome of them do, ſet up for ſchoolma-"ſteſter, and teaching the grammar and ſpelling-book "to to a parcel of young boobies, who do nothing but "m make mouths at them, or kick and buffet them a-"bout like foot-balls. For my part, I thought I "ſhould have ſplit my ſides, at obſerving Philip, "that famous king of Macedon, cobling up a parcel "of of old ſhoes in a corner; and others, no leſs glo-"rious, or leſs celebrated, ſuch as Darius, Xerxes, "and Polycrates, ſtanding at the corners of the ſtreets, "and begging halfpence."

But who is there that, in the reading this, does nonot plainly perceive, that this ingenious writer, in thethe paſſage we have quoted, has given his ſarcaſtic anand ſprightly humour its full career; and that what hehe ſays here, is no more to be conſidered as a reality than

than thoſe other adventures, which he relates to have happened to him in Theſſaly, when he was metamorphoſed into an aſs.

YET let it not be here imagined, that I pretend abſolutely to ſay, there is nothing at all done in Hell. So far from it, that I know very well there are people there who are continually labouring, becauſe it would be the greateſt puniſhment to them to be idle. I know, for inſtance, that Siſyphus, for the ſake of paſſing away the time, diverts himſelf with rolling a large maſs of a rock up to the ſummit of a very high mountain, in order to have the pleaſure afterwards of ſeeing it roll again from top to bottom, a thouſand times quicker than it went up. I know alſo, that the Danaides ‡, for the pleaſure of a little prattle and laughter amongſt themſelves, divert themſelves with drawing water out of a deep well, and then pouring it into a very large tub with the bottom

‡ They were fifty in number, all daughters of Danaus, king of Argos. They were all married in the ſame day to the fifty ſons of Egyptus, the brother of Danaus. Theſe cruel women, by the command of their father, who was afraid he ſhould be dethroned by ſome one of his ſons-in-law, all of them, excepting Hypemneſtra, maſſacred their huſbands on their wedding night. For the expiation of which crime, the poets have condemned them in Hell to the puniſhment here related.

tom out, which they know very well they never will be able to fill. But what does this ſignify? it is an amuſement to them; and, as they cannot bear the thoughts of idleneſs, which is the mother of all evil, eſpecially amongſt the fair ſex, they chuſe rather to employ themſelves in a uſeleſs labour than do nothing at all. At leaſt it gives them this pleaſure, that it makes them laugh like fools, and chatter like ſo many magpies. Now, ſo far are theſe kinds of diverſions from being prohibited in Hell, that, on the contrary, they are freely permitted to all who chuſe to take them. Every one to his liking.

It is alſo from the ſame love of diverſions, that each perſon purſues in that place thoſe inclinations, whereby he had been ſwayed, or had ſignalized himſelf, here on earth. For inſtance:

Some wreſtle on the ſands, and ſome in play,
And games heroic, paſs the hours away.
Theſe raiſe the ſong divine, and thoſe advance
In meaſur'd ſteps to form the ſolemn dance:
There Orpheus, graceful in his long attire,
In ſeven diviſions ſtrikes the ſounding lyre;
Acroſs the chords the quivering quill he flings,
Or with his flying fingers ſweeps the ſtrings.
Here Teucer's ancient race the prince ſurveys;
The race of heroes born in happier days:
Ilus, Aſſaracus, in arms rever'd,
And Troy's great founder Dardanus appear'd.

Before

Before him ſtalk'd the tall majeſtic train,
And pitch'd their idle lances in the plain.
Their arms and airy chariots he beheld;
The ſteeds, unharneſs'd, graz'd the flowing field:
Thoſe pleaſing cares the heroes felt, alive,
For chariots, arms and ſteeds, in death ſurvive.
Some on the verdant plains were ſtretch'd along;
(Sweet to the ear their tuneful Pæans rung)
Others beneath a laurel grove were laid,
And, joyful, feaſted in the fragrant ſhade.

Virg. Æneid, Lib. 6.

In ſhort, as muſic is the delight of more than three parts out of four of mankind upon earth, Hell is alſo furniſhed with a vaſt number of excellent muſicians, who alternately entertain the inhabitants with all ſorts of operas and concerts, both vocal and inſtrumental, performed by the beſt of the Italian eunuchs, and the moſt famous voices of Rome, Naples, Venice, Paris, Vienna, and every other part of the univerſe. There are the different pieces executed in all languages and in all ſorts of taſtes, for the univerſal ſatisfaction of the audience. Thoſe who are of the antique taſte, there hear with admiration the gentle flute of Marſyas †; are enchanted with the thorough-baſs

† A Phrygian, who firſt introduced the cuſtom of ſetting to muſic the hymns of the gods, as he was excellent

baſs of Stentor; and delighted with the notes of Miſurus's ‡ trumpet. In ſhort, as the difference of taſtes in muſic is infinitely varied, there are in this place an almoſt innumerable band of muſicians of all nations, and of all countries of the world, to pleaſe them all. For, although one might think that the moſt part of theſe people would have found it more ſuitable to their affairs to have taken the road to Heaven, where we are told there will be perpetual muſic; yet, either through caprice or libertiniſm, they have always choſen to ſeek the way to the infernal abodes, where Lord Luciſer has conſtantly found them employed amongſt his muſicians.

ANO-

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excellent on the flute. Cybele attached him to her ſervice: he followed her for a long time through her travels: at length came home with her to Nyſa, where Bacchus reigned. He preſumed to diſpute the prize of muſic with Apollo, who, on winning it, as a puniſhment for his raſhneſs, cauſed him to be tied to a tree, and flayed alive.

‡ The ſon of Æolus, god of the winds. After the death of Hector, whoſe ſervice he had been in, he entered into the retinue of Æneas, when he ſet out for Italy. He excelled in playing on the trumpet; which made him ſo extremely proud, that he even defied the Tritons at that exerciſe; but he was puniſhed for this raſhneſs by a Triton, who, in revenge, pulled him into the ſea, and drowned him.

ANOTHER pleaſure, which is no leſs delicious, more eſpecially in hot countries, is that of baths and ſtoves. Any perſon who knows ever ſo little, muſt have been informed, that the Romans, in the times of their greateſt luxury, and when they entered the moſt into a refinement on pleaſures, were very nice in regard to this. Beſides the public baths, which were very numerous in their capital, there was ſcarcely any perſon of tolerable diſtinction, but had one in his houſe, or at his country-ſeat.

IT is well known to what an height of magnificence their emperors carried their delicacy in this particular; nay, we even ſtill ſee, by the ruins that remain of them, how beautiful were the edifices which they erected for this uſe, and to which they gave the name of Thermæ. This ſenſual delicacy, which they had brought with them from the eaſtern countries, which their conqueſts had over-run, is even to this time, very greatly in cuſtom in thoſe countries, where the Turks, Perſians, and in general all the Indians, have made it one of the duties of their religion, which they take great care not to fail in, more perhaps through ſenſuality than devotion.

To ſay, then, that in a country ſo hot as Hell, there are no ſtoves or baths, would not only be to advance a thing contrary to probability, but even diametrically oppoſite to the belief of the church of Rome, which has moſt firmly eſtabliſhed theſe ſtoves under the name of Purgatory (a word which ſignifies

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the ſame thing) in which the ſouls of perſons of diſtinction are waſhed, rubbed down, ſtoved, purified, and purged, till they no longer retain any of thoſe ſpots which they brought with them out of this world. For as a learned and elegant poet, who wrote two thouſand years ago, has ſaid,

Ev'n when the body is to death reſign'd,
Some old inherent ſpots are left behind;
A ſullying tincture of corporeal ſtains,
Deep in the ſubſtance of the ſoul remains.
Thus are her ſplendours dimm'd, and cruſted o'er,
With thoſe dark vices that ſhe knew before.
For this the ſouls a various penance pay
To purge the taint of former crimes away:
Some in the ſweeping breezes are refin'd,
And hung on high to whiten in the wind;
Some cleanſe their ſtains beneath the guſhing ſtreams,
And ſome riſe glorious from the ſearching flames.
Though all muſt ſuffer; and, thoſe ſuff'rings paſt,
The clouded minds are puriſy'd at laſt.
But when the circling ſeaſons, as they roll,
Have cleans'd the droſs long gather'd round the ſoul;
When the celeſtial fire, divinely bright,
Breaks forth, victorious, in her native light;
Then we, the choſen few, Elyſium gain,
And here expatiate on the bliſsful plain.

Virg. Æneid, Lib. 6.

Now

Now if the ſouls of good people need all this purification, to be free from thoſe few ſtains which they have contracted, how much greater need is there to erect baths and ſtoves for thoſe of the wicked, who have far deeper ſpots to waſh away? Conſequently there are all kinds of them in this country, according to the different ſtains they have received here above.

But, methinks, we have now gone to a ſufficient extent as to the origin, ſituation, limits, qualities, advantages, prerogatives, and pleaſures of Hell; let us therefore paſs to its inhabitants, and enter into ſome kind of detail with regard to them, which ſhall be neither leſs curious nor leſs inſtructive. This ſhall be the ſubject and matter of the ſecond part of this work.

THE

THE PRAISE OF HELL.

PART SECOND.

CHAP. I.

Men are born for the pleaſures of ſociety. Thoſe in Hell very numerous and entertaining.

LET the country be ever ſo agreeable, and embelliſhed with all the beauties of art and nature, yet, as man is born for ſociety, without variety of company, all thoſe delights will be totally inſipid, if not intolerably tireſome. This diſtinguiſhes

diſtinguiſhes man from the whole brute creation, he being made by nature for ſociety, and cannot live in ſolitude. After the creation, when mankind began to multiply, they formed themſelves into ſocieties, built towns and cities, and commerce has ſince united them in a firmer union with one another. Therefore thoſe cities and towns which are moſt populous have always been moſt univerſally preferred, as having moſt company, and conſequently a greater number of perſons of genius and merit. In ſuch places thoſe of fortune generally reſide, who indulge themſelves in every thing ſumptuous, delicate and charming. The women ſtudy every art to make themſelves more agreeable to the men; and, by this means, the men are more polite and gentle. Every thing tends to raiſe an emulation who ſhall moſt excel in all the liberal arts, and ſocial endearments. This occaſions the prodigious reſort of all ſorts of people to London, Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Amſterdam, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Peterſburgh.

But if theſe places have ever ſo great a reſort, can it deſerve to be put in parallel with the unaccountable multitude which are continually coming and going into the infernal regions? On whatever ſide you caſt your eyes, or whatever way you may go, whether to right or left, before or behind, below or above, you will meet with nothing but numbers of boys, girls, huſbands, wives, gallants, and miſtreſſes, of all kinds, ſent from every country of the

the world. Turks, Tartars, Chineſe, Ethiopians, Muſcovites, and Perſians; Germans, Engliſh, Portugueſe, French, Italians, Spaniards, and Dutch; Europeans, Americans, Africans, and Aſiatics, all flock to this grand rendezvous. You will not only have the pleaſure of ſeeing all theſe people coming and going, but you may converſe, and make acquaintance; and even, if you chuſe, enter into cloſer ties of friendſhip with them.

CHAP. II.

No diſtinction with regard to pre-eminence in Hell, a perfect equality being maintained even with thoſe who had the higheſt ranks and titles.

IN this agreeable dwelling you may addreſs the greateſt perſonages, as well of the ancient as of the modern ages, without ceremony, or uſeleſs compliments. No reſpect is required in the approaching of kings or queens, princes or princeſſes, emperors or empreſſes, ſultans or ſultanas. Stript here of that ridiculous pride which makes them inacceſſible, and almoſt unſeen, by their ſubjects upon earth; abandoned by that idle multitude of courtiers, who ſuffer not any of thoſe who have need of their aſſiſtance to approach them; diveſted, in ſhort, of all that pomp

which made them be looked upon as gods on earth, you may see them in their turn in Hell addressing Lucifer with all the deceit, flattery and servility, which was so amply thrown away upon them when living. There you have the pleasure of making observations upon their conduct at your ease, of freely conversing with them, and even living as equal companions with them.

Here you may have the same familiarity and intercourse with those famous founders of the ancient empires of the world, whom men have had the foolishness to adore as deities since their death; as a Nimrod, a Ninus, a Belus, an Alexander, a Romulus, a Julius Cæsar, an Augustus, an Ottoman, a second Mahomet ‡, and several others, who have been, and are still, the admiration of mankind ¶.

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‡ Surnamed, by the Turks, Mahomet the Great, as well to distinguish him from their prophet, as on account of his great atchievements. This sultan was the terror of Europe in the fifteenth century, and the most happy of all the Infidel monarchs. Having resolved to make war with the Greek emperors, he attacked them in their capital Constantinople, which he took on the twenty-ninth of May, 1453, destroyed all their part of the empire which remained in the East, and that of Trebisond, and conquered twelve other kingdoms. He carried his conquests into

into Hungary, Perſia, Boſnia, Wallacia, Tranſylvania, and Albania. He was greatly dreaded by the Venetians, and made all Peloponneſus tremble under the ſuperiority of his arms. He over-ran Carinthia, Styria, Synopia, and the iſland of Mytelene; and took the town of Otrentum in Italy; into which country he was reſolved alſo to carry his conqueſts, but death hindered him from executing this project, as well as many others which he meditated. He died on the third of May, 1481, in the thirty-firſt year of his reign. He was a prince of no religion, very debauched, and ſo cruel, that he cauſed the bellies of fourteen of his pages to be cut open, for to know which of them had eaten a melon which was ſtolen out of a garden which he had cultivated himſelf: and nothing ſhewed his cruelty more, than in cutting off the head of his beautiful wife Irene, for no other reaſon, but becauſe he was blamed for being too enamoured with her.

¶ The author might have added, that they had alſo been its ſcourge. This is the judgment which ought to be formed in general of this ſpecies of madmen, whom human folly has been pleaſed to decorate with the glorious titles of heroes and conquerors.

CHAP. III.

Of popes, cardinals, &c.

NOR muſt we ſuppoſe that even the popes, thoſe ſacred men, thoſe vicegerents of God upon earth, whoſe feet the greateſt lords, princes, kings, and even emperors, eſteem it as the greateſt favour to kiſs in this world, do not delight as much in familiarity as any other claſs of men, when once they reach theſe lower regions. They contend with one another (for they are very numerous here, none of them having gone to heaven for theſe fourteen centuries, without it be now and then a ſtraggling one) which ſhall appear moſt courteous. You may not only approach them here without formality, but may treat them as your equals, without their taking it amiſs; for they have not here that pride, that oſtentation, nor thoſe flatteries which corrupted their hearts and minds; nor thoſe weak adorers whoſe fooliſh credulity made them ſo vain and inſupportable tyrants upon earth, as to believe themſelves poſſeſſed of thoſe qualifications which their fooliſh votaries attributed to them.

As to the cardinals and other ſorts of prelates, who come here in numbers, all the portico's, cham-

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bers and galleries in Lucifer's palace being full of them, if you have any desire to be acquainted with them, you can have no greater difficulty to find them out than the popes; their tiaras, their mitres, their strings, their red and green hats, their palliums, their crosslets, their gold and diamond crosses, their cloaks, and their rochets, which are hung about the sides of the walls; their bulls and their indulgences, their jubilees and briefs, their manitories and mandamuses, which are there affixed, will mark out to you their degrees and dignities in a manner, that you cannot err.

Nor think, that what I have here told you is a satirical fiction, which I have here invented to cry down in your mind these respectable personages. If you do not believe me in this particular, you have but to look into the history of the life of pope Julius II. † or that of Michael Angelo ¶, that famous re-

† He was called Julio de la Rovera, was nephew of Pope Sixtus IV. and succeeded Pius III. As he was of a very warlike disposition, it is said, that he was elected pope for this reason, and took the name of Julius, in memory of Julius Cæsar. He commanded his armies himself, and was very near killed with a cannon ball in one of the engagements in which he commanded; however, he was a lover of the liberal arts, and contributed a good deal to their re-

ſtorer of the arts of painting, ſculpture and architecture; in all which he was very excellent. You will there

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re-eſtabliſhment. He died of a ſlow fever in the year one thouſand five hundred and thirteen, after being a pontificate nine years and ſome months, at the age of ſeventy.

¶ This famous artiſt was more known by his Chriſtian name than by that of Buonarota, which was his family's name. He ſprung from the ancient family of Canoſe, and was born in the year one thouſand four hundred and ſeventy four, in the caſtle of Chiuſi, in the country of Arezzo. He was put to nurſe in a village called Settignano, moſt part of whoſe inhabitants, and even the huſband of his nurſe, were ſculptors; ſo that he may be ſaid to have imbibed this art with his milk. He made ſo great a progreſs, that by the time he was ſixteen years of age, he executed ſome pieces which amazed every one who ſaw them; and they were very near equal to the beſt models of antiquity. The famous Laurentio de Medicis, that encourager of arts, hearing of his talents, ſent for him, and kept him till his death; from thence Angelo went to Venice, then to Bologna, and laſtly to Rome; in all which places he acquired an immortal reputation by his works. It was in this laſt city he executed the picture here referred to; which is thought to be one of his chief pieces in that way. The world, however, is much obliged to him for

there find that this noted artiſt, having by order of this pope, executed a picture which repreſented the day of judgment, placed amongſt other figures in his ſcene of hell, many cardinals and prelates: this picture, however, incenſed ſome of theſe dignified churchmen, who complained of it to the pope, and begged of him, that he would lay his injunctions on the painter to efface them. To whom the pope anſwered, "My dear brethren, heaven, you know,

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for a piece of architecture, which never has been, and, perhaps, never will be equalled; namely, the ſtately church of St. Peter at Rome; all executed on the deſign and plan which he drew for it, excepting the frontiſpiece, which is not his, and is greatly inferior to the reſt of this admirable building. To theſe three talents, which never were ſeen before him to be united in one perſon, nor in ſo high a degree of perfection, he added a fourth, that of poetry, having compoſed ſeveral fine pieces, which have been collected, and printed in one volume in quarto at Florence, in one thouſand ſix hundred and twenty-two. He died at Rome in the year one thouſand five hundred and ſixty-four, at the age of ninety. His body was a little time after, at the requeſt of Coſmo de Medicis, carried to Florence and buried; where that prince made a magnificent funeral for him, which was honoured with the preſence of all the connoiſſeurs and friends of genius in that age.

" has given me the power of recovering as many " ſouls from Purgatory as I chuſe; but you are cer- " tain as well as me, that my power does not extend " ſo far as Hell, and that thoſe who come once " there, muſt remain there always."——An anſwer which ſufficiently ſhews, that the pope was very well convinced (and can theſe ſovereign pontiffs, who are God's oracles upon earth, be ignorant of any thing?) that Hell has been always furniſhed with prelates, even of the higheſt order. This is the firſt claſs of inhabitants in this dark abode.

CHAP. IV.

Of ſectaries of different kinds, with a view of their different ſquabbles and controverſies.

WE ſee in the ſide next to them, in a ſeat by themſelves, other perſonages, who have made as much noiſe in the church and the world as the laſt mentioned. Theſe are the noted propagators of hereſy, who have ſo troubled and confounded the learned doctors of their times. There you may ſee a Simon Magus, a Cerinthus, an Ebion, an Arius, a Neſtorius §, an Eutyches, a Macedonius, a Manes,

§ Biſhop of Conſtantinople. On the day of his conſecration,

ues, a Donatus, a Pelagius, and ſome hundreds of others (for in every age this grain has abundantly increaſed); and in theſe latter ages, a John Hus, a Jerom of Prague, a Martin Luther, a John Calvin, a Zuingle, and a great number of others who have come ſince. There cannot be any thing more pleaſing than to ſee all theſe famous perſonages pulling

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conſecration, he addreſſed the emperor who aſſiſted at the ceremony, in the following very remarkable words; "Give us, O prince, the earth purged of "heretics, and I will give you Heaven: aſſiſt me to de-"ſtroy them, and I will aſſiſt you to deſtroy the Per-"ſians." Such was the ſpirit of charity and peace, which animated the clergy of the higheſt rank in the firſt century. Pulcheria, ſiſter of the emperor Theodoſius, uniting her power to his diſpoſition, oppreſſed many of the ſectaries with the utmoſt rigour and ſeverity. However, he was obliged to undergo the law of retaliation. A ſcholaſtic diſpute, merely on words, aroſe between St. Cyrille, the patriarch of Alexandria, and him, which put the whole church of the Eaſt into a tumult. After many debates and councils held for and againſt, Neſtorius and his party were at laſt excommunicated by St. Cyrille, who made him be depoſed and baniſhed. He died of a fall from his horſe, which he received in his journey to exile. This has not yet prevented this ſect from multiplying greatly, and leaving at preſent many partiſans in the eaſt.

their throats and lungs to pieces, and exhausting all their strength in contending with each other, just as if they thought Lucifer and his devils, as foolish as themselves, would take any part or interest in their silly and foolish quarrels. How high a comedy is it to see them, in the midst of all their scolding, reciprocally excommunicating and anathematizing each other! that is to say, giving one another to the devils, as if they did not belong to them already, and would do so for ever.

But what is still more diverting in this spectacle, is, that these great sticklers for religion in hell spare the devils the trouble of tormenting them. In effect, the result and unravelling of their foolish and silly disputes, in which the rudest invectives and most attrocious injuries are not spared, is, that when they are quite exhausted with railing and the use of words, they come at last to blows; stab, torture, tear, cut each others throats, and broil them as swine's flesh; in short, deliver themselves up to all the barbarities which we have seen them formerly commit, when, for the chastisement of mankind, they resided in this world. Alas! poor mankind! oh how shocking is this to reason and human nature! it would never have prevailed, if reason had been allowed to have been consulted; but their chief business has been to stifle the first rising of such a passion in the soul. But let us not stop here, but proceed to view the other

ther agreeable proſpects and diverſions that are to be found in hell.

CHAP. V.

Very magnificent and curious public ſhows to be ſeen in Hell.

IT is counted one of the greateſt pleaſures of princes upon earth, and for which they pay very dear, to ſee repreſented on a ſtage by actors, ſome of the principal adventures of the moſt famous heroes of antiquity, ſuch as an Agamemnon, an Achilles, an Ulyſſes, a Menelaus, a Neſtor, or a Diomed; and we learn alſo by the illuſtrious and learned Picus Mirandula §, that there

§ Prince of Mirandole, who had the moſt ſurprizing genius that ever was upon earth; at ten years of age he ſtudied and criticized on the law; at eighteen he was maſter of two and twenty languages; and a few years after ſupported at Rome a number of theſes, containing nine hundred propoſitions in all ſorts of ſciences. This young prince maintained all theſe propoſitions with as general and extraordinary an applauſe as the theſes themſelves, which were not only collected from Greek and Latin authors, but alſo

was a prince fooliſh enough to give a very conſiderable ſum of money to a magician, that he might let him ſee, by means of his pretended inchantments, the combat of Achilles with Hector, or the burning of Troy. However, that which the greateſt princes here, and at the greateſt expence, cannot cauſe to be acted, but very imperfectly, and by people who have nothing heroic about them but the habit, with which they appear on the theatre; in Hell, I ſay, you will ſee them acted by the originals themſelves, and at no expence. Here you may obſerve with one look of the eye, all that the world has ever produced admirable in the ſtratagems of war, a ſight which you cannot ſee in Heaven itſelf; for none of theſe great perſonages have ever taken that road. On the ſide of the Trojans, you may ſee Hector, Æneas, Paris, Deiphobus, Troilus and all the family of the unfortunate Priam. On the ſide of Greece, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, you will ſee Pyrrhus, and

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alſo eſtabliſhed by authority from the Hebrew, Chaldean, and other oriental authors. The common obſervation, that men, who ſhew ſo much genius in their infancy, are ſeldom long lived, was too ſurely accompliſhed in this young miracle of ſcience, who died at Florence, November the ſeventeenth, one thouſand four hundred and ninety four, in the twenty-third year of his age.

and all his great number of warriors who fought so valiantly in that famous war.

ARE you curious to see personages not quite so ancient in history; amongst the modern Greeks you may see a Lysander, an Epaminondas, and a number of others no less renowned. Amongst the Carthaginians, an Hamilcar, an Asdrubal, an Hannibal, and a Jugurtha. Amongst the Romans, a Fabius, a Camillus, a Pompey, the two Scipios, and several other personages as famous in their times; we should think ourselves extremely happy here on earth to obtain a sight of any of them, although it was for ever so short a time: but in Hell all these great men are exposed to the view of every body who wants to see them, without costing them so much as a farthing. But what still renders this spectacle more agreeable is, that you see them there adorned not only with all their military attire, but also at the head of those numerous armies which they commanded upon earth, by whom they were so much beloved, that they have absolutely chosen, out of love to them and their actions, to follow them into the infernal regions.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Such persons as are descended from noble families will here find out their ancestors.

WHAT a pleasure must it be for the nobility to find out all their ancestors, in this delightful country, from the first and master-stock, even to the smallest twig, in the most remote branches of their families! For, according to the oracle of the apostle of the Gentiles, they may very near find them all there, there being very few of them in heaven. Besides, the most part of these gentlemen care very little for it; witness that famous personage of the family of Sekendorff; of whom they report, that he offered, with all his heart, to quit God of the share which he might pretend to in Paradise, provided he would let him live as he thought proper on earth for a thousand years. And indeed this lord would have made a better bargain than many of his character often do, who freely give up their part of the heavenly inheritance for ten years of pleasure in this world. What say I? Ten years! How many persons of quality do not we see often renouncing it for a quarter of an hour, a minute's, nay, a moment's pleasure here? So great, so violent is their inclination

tion for the lower world! It is thus that we ſee every day the change of Diomed and Glaucus renewed. They give up the purer joys of heaven, and live like brutes on earth, to be afterwards treated like goats in hell for ever: ſuch is the deplorable madneſs of mankind!——But let us go on.

CHAP. VII.

The infernal regions a dwelling for the learned.

IF you are curious of ſeeing, hearing, and becoming acquainted with the learned, where can you find ſo many of them as here? What expences would you not have been at, what difficulties not encountered, what fatigues would you not have undergone, for to ſee, conſult, and converſe, with theſe ſagacious perſonages of antiquity? Would you have thought it too much to have undertaken, however ſo expenſive, a voyage into Greece, for to ſee Ariſtotle, Socrates, Plato, Demoſthenes, and many more learned men of the ſame ſtamp? We know that Nature, covetous of theſe moſt valuable gifts, beſtows them ſparingly; perhaps, ſometimes not one in an age, which is the reaſon ſo few perſons enjoy this advantage; but the caſe in hell is quite different.

THERE, with one view, you ſee them all aſſembled,

bled, as in an academy. Amongſt the philoſophers, beſides thoſe which I have already mentioned, you will ſee a Pythagoras, an Epictetus, a Seneca, and a Pliny. Amongſt the politicians, a Pedius, who was the friend and counſellor of Julius Cæſar, and a Mecænas, who was in the ſame eſteem with Auguſtus; a perſonage who one might have thought deſerved great reſpect, and who might have laid claim to a place in Heaven, if it was poſſible for any one to do ſo. This he deſerved not only for his own generoſity, but alſo for the trouble he took in obtaining favours from his royal maſter, for all ſuch as were diſtinguiſhed for genius and learning. There you may ſee a Celſus *, who was the counſellor of Hadrian; a Scævola, the friend of Antoninus; a Papinian †, the

* Juventus Celſus, a famous lawyer and counſellor to Hadrian, who was no leſs eſteemed by him, than his predeceſſor Trajan had been, who held the ſame honourable poſt under him.

† Another celebrated lawyer, who lived under the emperor Severus, who had ſo great an eſteem for him, that he gave him the charge of his two ſons, Caracalla and Geta; the former of whom was a perfect monſter of cruelty, having killed his brother in his mother's arms, and having a deſire for Papinian to authorize this murder, that good man anſwered, That it was not ſo eaſy to excuſe a parricide as to commit

the favourite of Severus; and, in short, a Machiavel ‡, whom every body will own, has well deserved to have the first place in hell: that famous politician, who has carried the sway above all writers who have ever written on this subject; who first taught princes, that, to establish, strengthen, and perpetuate the supreme authority, which they claim over their subjects, they may, with the utmost impunity, violate all the laws of humanity, tyrannize over their subjects, enrich themselves with their spoils, and fatten on their ruin: maxims which ministers of state at present too often use; and, to authorize their plundering designs, make their masters to believe, that subjects are never so docile, submissive, or so much devoted to their sovereign's service, as when they are robbed of every thing. As to what concerns the prince's

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commit it; Caracalla, being offended at this answer, caused him to be beheaded, and his body, after having been shamefully dragged through the streets of Rome, to be thrown into the Tiber. This was done in the thirty-seventh year of Papinian's life.

‡ Nicolao Machiavielli, a Florentine, who wrote in the sixteenth century. He made himself famous by his works, and particularly by his treatise on politics, called, The Prince. This small book, which is full of vile maxims, has been often disapproved, and, lately, by a prince, who is looked upon to be one of the greatest and most skilful politicians in Europe.

prince's perſon, they aſſure him, that, as there is no one in his kingdom equal to himſelf, he muſt be above all law, and conſequently do whatever he chuſes; that all their fortunes legally belong to him, their money bearing his name and arms; and that they are ſo ſtrongly perſuaded of this truth, that they agree to whatever their ſovereign demands. Such are the fine maxims that theſe great politicians would make every prince believe, who will liſten to them, and which they make the baſis of their practice in almoſt all the courts of the univerſe. Are theſe not worthy of a place in hell? or can we deny the moſt diſtinguiſhed place of that habitation to the author of their principles? But let us continue our review.

ARE you deſirous of ſeeing the hiſtorians, orators and poets; men, for the moſt part, liars by profeſſion, and flatterers for hire? What a croud you will find there! and amongſt the number you ſee Herodotus, Thucydides, Polybius, Titus Livy, Suetonius, Cornelius Tacitus, Plutarch, and a number of others of every country and of every age.

AMONGST the mathematicians you will find Thales, Anaxagoras, Archytas, Ptolemy, and many more, who, making the contemplation of the heavens their ſole employment, while upon earth, have inadvertently tumbled into hell.

AMONGST the orators, if you obſerve, on that ſide, you will ſee Iſocrates, Eſchinus, Cicero, and Hortenſius, with many more. Amongſt the poets you

you will find Homer, Pindar, Euripides, Sophocles, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, and some others, who, having been banished by Plato from his republic, have, to repair that loss, taken the road to the infernal regions, where they have been received with open arms, and enjoyed all the honours due to their talents.

CHAP. VIII.

Hell a habitation for ingenious artists.

THE most ingenious artists fill up the place in Hell next to these scientific personages, of whom I have been just speaking; at the head of whom are the painters, sculptors and architects. There you will find a Dædalus, an Archytas, a Callicrates †, a Perillus, a Phidias ‡, a Lycippus §, an Appelles,

† A Grecian sculptor, very ingenious; he was so skilful and delicate a workman, that, by the account of the historians, he engraved some verses of Homer upon a grain of millet. He manufactured a chariot of ivory so neatly, that it might be hid under the wing of a fly; and also carved emmets of the same substance as small as life, the smallest and most imperceptible parts of which you might distinguish.

Appelles, a Praxiteles †, a Polycletes, a Zeuxis ‡, Timanthes, and a very amazing number of others.

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‡ A famous Greek ſculptor. Amongſt the great number of his works which made him ſo famous, the remarkable ſtatue of Minerva is moſt particularly recorded, thirty-ſix feet high, and made entirely of ivory, which he placed in the temple which that goddeſs had in the citadel of Athens. After being driven from this city, he retired into the province of Elis; where he was killed, after having compleated and placed that magnificent ſtatue of Jupiter in the temple at Olympus, which is thought to be one of the wonders of the world.

§ Another very celebrated Greek ſculptor, a native of Sycone, and lived in the time of Alexander the Great; he worked with ſo much facility, that he produced more works than any of the ancient ſculptors. His ſtatue of a man rubbing himſelf in a bath, that of the ſun in his chariot, drawn by four horſes, and that of Alexander the Great and his favourites, all works of great beauty, were carried and placed at Rome by the Romans, when they had ſubdued Macedon and all Greece to their empire.

† Another ancient ſculptor, born a little before the reign of Alexander the Great. He made a ſtatue of Venus for the inhabitants of Cnidos, which Lucian has given us an ample deſcription of, which was ſo wonderful a piece of work, that the Cnidians refuſed it to king Nicodemus, who offered to remit

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In ſhort, ſince Hell is a million of million times more populous than all the nations of the earth put together,

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the tribute they had paid him to obtain it; preferring the pleaſure of being in poſſeſſion of ſuch an admirable maſter-piece before that of being entirely free and independent.

‡ A famous painter, born at Heraclea, who lived about four hundred years before Chriſt. He got ſuch immenſe riches by his art, that in the latter part of his life he would not ſell his pictures, but rather choſe to make preſents of them; ſaying, That he could not ſet ſo much value upon them as they were worth. Before that time he uſed to let people ſee them for money; which cauſed the nick-name of the Courtiſan to be given to his admirable picture of Helen, which he painted from all the fineſt women in the city, taking from each that which he thought moſt beautiful. They reported of this painter, that, having a mind to try his ſkill with one of his brethren, called, Parrhaſius, he painted a bunch of grapes ſo natural, that the birds came to pick at them. On the other ſide, the ſame writer adds, that Parrhaſius painted a curtain with ſo much ſkill, and ſo natural, that Zeuxis, taking it for a real one, which concealed his work, deſired him to draw it aſide, that he might ſee that which he had behind it: upon which Parrhaſius, convincing him of his miſtake, he confeſſed himſelf conquered, ſince he had only deceived the birds, whereas the other had impoſed upon the very beſt maſter of the art.

together, consequently there must be seen in it, by millions, inhabitants of every age, sex, rank, condition, art and profession.

CHAP. IX.

The wisest and best people have their residence in Hell.

THAT I may not deceive you, that this vast empire is not peopled by any but by such who have lived badly upon earth, I must remark to you, that this prejudice is badly founded; for, in short, you will here find all those famous personages, which Greece by way of excellence, has honoured with the venerable title of The Wise. Nay, if you will give yourself the trouble but to go there for to see, you will find, I say, at their head (and I do not here declare any thing, but what has been asserted before my time by many excellent divines) that illustrious king of Judea, so celebrated for his wisdom, that wonder of the universe, whom the enamoured queen came to consult and advise with from the remotest part of the world; that very Solomon, for whose instruction our sacred oracles assure us, that Heaven had opened all its choicest treasures of wisdom: there you will both see and hear him in the midst of his

his nobles and senators, administring forth his profound knowledge in those wonderful proverbs, those fine sentences of morality, which he, when living, followed so badly; in this point, like many of our modern preachers, who follow not, and will not be at the trouble to practise the hundred part of the verity, which they tear their lungs to pieces in the pulpit, to make known to their hearers; for which they are paid in so profuse a manner.

In short, although you should think yourself scandalized at it, (a weakness which I do not think you capable of) I cannot help assuring you here, since it is the truth, that there are in Heaven certain personages, who have not always led exemplary lives upon earth, such as a David, a Manassa, a Lot, a Rahab, a Magdalen, a St. Augustine, a Gregory VII. a Pius V. and a number of others, who have been crammed there in spite of the historical truth of their lives; there is also in hell many excellent personages, such as a Socrates, a Plato, a Cicero, a Seneca, an Epictetus, an Aristides, and a number of other virtuous personages, who, after having enlightened the world with their writings, examples and admirable morals; after having edified it with their virtues, good works, and irreproachable lives and conduct; are sent down to hell to do the same office, where they would be very much displeased, if they had not their amiable and instructing company. But

let

let us continue our circuit, for the pleasure and instruction of our readers.

CHAP. X.

These regions the seat of riches and generosity.

MAnkind generally make it their first business to pay their attendance to the great, and especially to the rich, either to gain their favour and protection, or in expectation of finding their riches a resource in their need, or for aid and opulence in their employments. This is the reason why the poor are abandoned and shunned by every body, whilst the great and rich are continually surrounded with a multitude of people, who court their favour and assistance, with an eagerness which is often troublesome. In hell none of these steps are necessary; no servility, no flattery, no attendance is needful, on those whom you meet with there; their ears are always open to do you what service lies in their power; their generosity is the first thing which prevents your asking it. Have you need of any favour, of any sum of money, either to bring you out of some bad affair, that you may have got upon your hands, or to deliver you from the persecution of your creditors, those animals made for to torment mankind in

in this world and the next? Is it to satisfy your pleasures? Give yourself the trouble but to find out Cœsus, Pythes *, Midas, Lucullus, Cresus, Attihaliba †, and a number of others; their purses will

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* A very rich man in Lydia, in Asia Minor, who lived in the time of Xerxes, about 480 years before Jesus Christ, who, being in possession of a gold mine, applied himself solely to the improvement of it. As this kind of work proved fatal to a number of persons, his wife bethought of this stratagem to cure his thirst for riches. At his return from a journey she caused several dishes full of gold to be served at table. At first the splendor of these extraordinary delicacies pleased him; but, like another Midas, soon complained of their hardness, and that they could not satisfy his hunger. From that his wife took occasion to make his blindness known to him, and the misfortunes to which he might be exposed by his greediness for riches.

† A king of Peru, of the family of the Incas. He began his reign in the beginning of the 16th century, and was one of the richest and most magnificent monarchs in America. But Francis Pizarro, having discovered Peru about the year 1525, and settled in that city, caused all the misfortunes of Atibaliba. He endeavoured in vain to surprize him by vain compliments; but, having defeated his troops, and taken himself prisoner, he treated him in the most cruel and shameful manner in the world; notwithstanding

be open to you at once: an advantage which you will not meet with in heaven, which is inhabited by people not worth a single penny, the greatest part of whom, when living, renounced the little fortune they were in possession of, to make themselves lighter for the difficult journey they had to take before they could arrive there.

If you are afraid to trouble these great lords (although they think it a pleasure to share part of their money with those that have need of it) you have but to apply to their intendants, or those of other princes, who you may see constantly near them in great numbers; who, when upon earth, filled their coffers so well with the gold of provinces which they had the administration of, notwithstanding they were sent there to promote the welfare and happiness of the inhabitants. You will most certainly obtain from them every thing which you demand; but, observe me,

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notwithstanding his word given, in spite of oaths and protestations, after having pillaged the immense treasures which this prince delivered up to him, he made him be strangled about the year 1533. God did not suffer this crime to go unpunished: Francis Pizarro, who was the author of it, was killed by Diego, son of Almagro; and his brother was since beheaded, by order of Vocca de Castro, whom the emperor Charles V. sent into Peru in quality of viceroy.

me, provided the same spirit of rapine, which animated them upon earth, does not continue to have the same influence over them in the infernal regions.

CHAP. XI.

The handsomest men and the most beautiful women to be found in Hell.

ANother advantage which makes this place no less delightful, since after the pleasure of having gold and silver in the utmost plenty, there is nothing which is more agreeable here below than that of love. I leave you to think, if there be not in hell wherewith to satisfy that passion. Who can doubt it? Since we find here a general rendezvous, and one universal grand seraglio, of almost all that the world has produced since its creation most lovely and charming amongst woman. Yes, there you may see, not one, but hundreds, thousands, whose beauty would again metamorphose Jupiter into all manner of shapes, if this wanton god was not quite tired of running after mistresses. There you may find, and see again with admiration, that delightful Helen, whose beauty was so fatal to the family, city and kingdom of Priam, all whose desolation and ruin

ſhe cauſed. Around about her on every ſide you will ſee Galatea, Briſeis, Semiramis, Lais, Lucretia, Lavinia, Phryne, and thouſands of others, who have been as famous for their beauty as their gallantries. There you will ſee in all their allurements, in all their charms, all thoſe fair ones whom the greateſt poets have celebrated in their verſes: ſuch as the Corinna of Ovid, the Glycera of Horace, the Leſbia of Catullus, the Delia of Tibullus, the Licoris of Gallus, the Cynthia of Propertius, and a number of others. All theſe charming objects, all theſe raviſhing beauties, will laviſh on you all their charms, which are kept but for you to enjoy; in which you will ſhare in common with the great princes, heroes and illuſtrious perſonages, who have had them as miſtreſſes or wives on earth. What can be more delightful than this? A happineſs which the bleſſed in heaven do not even enjoy; where gallantry and commerce with the women are for ever baniſhed; and where beſides none of them are to be found but old or ugly, bigots or prudes; or, in a word, women, who, from the world's not taking notice of them, have, through ſpite or neceſſity, given themſelves to God.

ATTEND, ye mortals, who are hurried to ſuch a pitch of love as to make you guilty of ſo many extravagant follies, how will you be able to ſtand the attacks of thoſe innumerable ſeducers? Although you ſhould ſwear to me by Styx, I would not believe it. And why? becauſe that this paſſion, which you

you think extinguished and destroyed by death, will kindle again at the flames of hell, and at the sight of so many beauties. It will even be so much the more violent, as your desires and sensations will be so much heightened, that you will not have power to resist them.

You too, beauties and coquets, you, who, whilst upon earth, could not look without emotion upon a man but tolerably handsome; what have you here to feel? What amorous transports will you then have at the sight of an Absalom, an Alcibiades, a Democlès, an Atys, a Ganymede, a Hyacinthus, an Adonis, a Narcissus, an Hylas, and all those young men, whose beauty antiquity, as well sacred as profane, has celebrated? Can you resist their charms? Far less can the men resist a sight of those of your sex. But let us continue our eulogium, and give you a short sketch of other pleasures which are to be met with in Hell.

CHAP. XII.

A superlative degree of pleasure to be found in Hell.

ONE of the greatest pleasures which men can have upon earth, is that of travelling; a pleasure which is at the same time useful to them; I confess,

feſs, that it is expenſive; but although it be attended with expence and fatigue, yet we muſt grant, that both are made amends for by the great advantages which are drawn from it. By travelling you have not only the pleaſures of paſſing through different countries and the various climates which the terreſtrial globe divides, but alſo that of ſeeing the various nations which inhabit them; hearing the different languages which they ſpeak, ſeeing their cuſtoms, faſhions, manners, laws and government, their geniuſes and characters, which very often are quite oppoſite to ours: all which are points of knowledge very uſeful to men. We cannot but remark, that all the moſt famous poets, from Homer, who firſt ſhewed them the example, when they would lead their hero to the paths of virtue, give that which he already did poſſeſs an opportunity of ſhining; or, laſtly, inſtruct him in the arts of government, have always in their epic poems made him travel.

HISTORY alſo informs us, that the greateſt men, when they were deſirous to attain perfection in any art or ſcience, have always ſpent many of their years in going round the world, to find out and converſe with thoſe people who are ſkilful, in what they wanted to learn, and was moſt in reputation, in order to profit themſelves of their ſuperior talents, and gain improvement from experience. I here alſo muſt add, to the glory of our age, that this example, ſo uſeful to all thoſe who are deſirous of improvement, or to obtain

obtain a knowledge of the world, is daily imitated in those good heads of families who are rich enough to go to such an expence in the perfecting their children's education.

Now this pleasure, which, here upon earth, is not to be obtained without great cost and much fatigue, nay, even not without being exposed to many dangers, you have in hell for nothing, without being exposed to any kind of labour, or running any risk: for there you will find, not only when you come there, but even on the road, as I have informed you in another place, English and French, Spaniards and Portuguese, Italians and Germans, Savoyards and Swiss, Varasdins, Talpacks, Crapalks, Croats, Wallachians and Pandours, Hungarians and Bohemians, Dutchmen and Prussians; Poles, Saxons, Swedes and Muscovites; Danes, Laplanders, Sarmatians and Persians; Arabs and Tartars; Armenians and Abyssinians; Moors, Ethiopians, Turks, Jews and Barbarians; Indians and Tonquinese; Chinese and Malabaric; Moguls and Hottentots; Batavians and Japanese; and Africans of every country and of every colour; Americans, whose names have scarce been known, Cherokees and Potowas, Husons and Alonquins, Ilinois, Iroquois, Suriquois and Micmacs, Mexicans and Brasilians, Topinambous and Peruvians; in a word, all the nations and all the people who do, or ever have dwelt upon the surface of this

vaſt extended globe, are here aſſembled all as in a general rendezvous.

Now let me aſk you, if in all the univerſe there can be any ſingle view of numerous crowds that could be even named with the moſt diſtant thought of a compariſon to this great aſſembly? What are the noted fairs of Sainte Germaine or Bourdeaux; of Holland, Leipſic, or Mayence; of Franckfort, or of Briſtol, &c.? What are the ſo-much-boaſted exchanges of Europe, thoſe markets for the commerce of the whole world? What are the trading towns the moſt populous of China and Japan, of all the eaſt, nay, even of the univerſe? Can any of them, could they all together preſent the curious eye with ſuch a ſight? No, ſurely. And what ſtill adds a higher reliſh to the pleaſure is, that in this great multitude you will receive the joy and comfort of finding your friends, and even meeting your moſt diſtant anceſtors, whoſe names you never heard mentioned, and who, for many ages, have been quite forgotten. A pleaſure ſo great, that there have even inſtances been known of perſons, who have rather inclined to go to Hell, where they have been ſure their anceſtors reſided, merely for the pleaſure of ſeeing them, than take the way to Heaven, where they were ſenſible with reaſon, they could never find them.

The truth of this affirmation is proved to us in hiſtory by the example, amongſt many others, of a certain king of the Friſons, called Radbord: this prince,

prince, according to the relation given us of him by both the ancient and modern writers, when he was on the very point of being baptized, took it into his head to ask the bishop, who was going to perform the ceremony, whether in the paradise which had been promised him in consequence of his changing his religion, he should meet with his ancestors and predecessors? The bishop answered him, that, as they had died Pagans, they could enjoy no part of the heavenly heritage, but were all in Hell. "Nay then," replied the king, drawing his foot out of the font into which he had already put it, "if that be the case, "keep your paradise and baptism, I will rather go "to Hell, and be there amongst a good and great "company, with my noted ancestors, and other peo"ple of my own kind, than in your Heaven, from "which you have excluded so many brave people, "and filled it up with none but beggars, scoundrels, "and people of no note." This answer, and this proceeding, prove, without reply, how much our first Christian princes were instructed, and how well convinced of the truth of our holy religion; and at the same time does much honour to their convertors. I do not know, if these of our times do owe much more to their directors and confessors.

CHAP. XIII.

God, the angels and the saints, honour Hell with their presence.

NOW, if the company of kings, princes, emperors, and all other great lords, by whom hell is inhabited, be not sufficient for to take away your scruples, and engage you more quickly to go to augment the number of its inhabitants, here is a new argument, whose powerful charms, I am persuaded, you cannot resist: yes, I am certain, that you will burn with envy to go there, as soon as I have told and demonstrated to you, that God himself honours it with his presence: this is a sacred truth you cannot disown, unless you would dispute the immensity of the supreme and sovereign perfect Being, by which he fills all space, and is ever present in every place, whether in heaven, or earth, or hell, and in every part of this extensive universe. If you should be so impious, or rather so extravagant, (which, however, I am very far from suspecting) as to refuse me your belief of this most indisputable truth, I need do nothing more, intirely to confound you, than send you to David, that royal Prophet, that inspired Writer, that Man after God's own heart, who, in the sacred oracles

oracles which the holy spirit of the Deity itself has dictated to him, acknowledges and proves it: "Whither shall I go," says he, "from thy spirit? or "whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend "up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed "in hell, behold, thou art there †." After which authority, debate it with me if you dare.

Nor is this all: not content with honouring the regions of hell by his own immediate presence, the Almighty has also willed, that his dear Son, our divine Saviour and Redeemer, should do it the same honour; nay, that he should even abide there three days, and as many nights, before he should ascend to heaven; which was not to be opened to him but through this condition. Contend this truth with me: be foolish and inconsiderate enough to do so: I shall, if so, refer you for conviction to that apostolic creed, wherein you make, in plain terms, a profession of believing it ‡.

Lastly, to prove to you that every thing which heaven contains, takes pleasure, and even glory, in travelling down to hell, I must still farther tell you, and that from the authority of the whole Romish church, that Purgatory, which I before have demon-

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† Psalm cxxxix. v. 7, 8.

‡ He was crucified, dead, and buried, and descended into hell.

ſtrated to you is but the anti-chamber of hell, is daily haunted by the greateſt ſaints, and the heavenly ſpirits; ſome of whom are continually coming and going to take away from thence and lead to heaven the ſouls of ſinners, who either have ſtayed their time of penitence, or ſhortened it, or totally abrogated it, by the great ſums which they were wiſe enough at their deaths to leave to the prieſts for that intent; whilſt others are ſo kind as to take up their abode there, and with moſt kind and charitable aſſiduity, comfort and refreſh from time to time thoſe poor unhappy ſouls, who, for want of money for their ranſom, or ſometimes from a want of the ſame proper foreſight, are, it is ſaid, condemned to remain and burn there for thouſands of years; nay, for whole ages.

And now, after all that I have here ſaid to you; that I have proved to you beyond diſpute; can you have ſtill remaining the leaſt heſitation againſt going into hell, where you ſee there is ſuch excellent company? They muſt indeed be hard to pleaſe, who cannot find their wiſhes gratified in an habitation which is almoſt the general rendezvous of all mankind: in an abode, where, amongſt the millions of its inhabitants, are to be found by hundreds, perſonages who have made themſelves renowned and valued in the world; ſome for their great learning, their excellent talents, and eminent knowledge; others for their prudence, their purity of manners, and ſincerity of life: theſe for the luſtre which their riches gave them, and

the noble ardor and thirſt they ſhewed in the purſuit of pleaſures; thoſe for heroic valour, for their great conqueſts, and their unbounded extent of power: ſome for their gallantry and beauty; and every one, in ſhort, for ſome great part of eminence they played whilſt here on earth. Has Heaven any thing to place in counterbalance with theſe bright advantages? Alas! it is not inhabited but by the poor in mind, by the ſimple, by idiots, and by children, or other people like them. A fine compariſon indeed to make! Can it be aſtoniſhing, after this, that ſo many people prefer the kingdom of hell; and do things to gain it, which they would not be at the hundredth part of the trouble to obtain heaven?

CHAP. XIV.

Hell the moſt delightful place, as it is the very fountain of news and politics.

PEOPLE of unbounded curioſity will find this place perfectly adapted to their humours, as they cannot find a more convenient place to their ſatisfaction. Indeed it is not poſſible but amongſt all that innumerable multitude of ſubjects, who are daily coming from the four corners of the earth, to people Lucifer's empire, but that there ſhould daily come

come——What do I say, daily?——Much rather every minute of the day the freſheſt news of every thing that is done here on earth; and which muſt give an infinite pleaſure, as well to thoſe who learn and liſten to the news, as to thoſe who bring them. I ſpeak firſt to thoſe who hear them; for the mind of man is naturally curious and extremely fond of novelty. From thence it comes, that when we meet a friend or acquaintance, the firſt thing which we commonly ſay to them, after the ordinary civilities, is, Well, what news? A curioſity here upon earth ſo inſatiable, that it makes the fortune of the numerous train of news-writers, the amuſement of news-mongers, and the principal occaſion of thoſe idle people who are called ſpeculative politicians.

Now, as in hell, no one has any thing to do, I leave it to yourſelf to think with how much ardor they naturally run to find out all thoſe who have but juſt arrived; nor have theſe on the other hand leſs deſire to utter what they know as ſoon as demanded. For, as an old philoſopher has ſaid, "However plea-"ſing, however intereſting any thing may be, it has "no charm for me longer than whilſt I have it in "my power to impart it to another." The ſame motive alſo induced Archytas of Tarentum, that noted aſtronomer of antiquity, to ſay, "That was it "poſſible for a man to go up to heaven, to ſee and "examine nearly the courſes of the ſtars, and be in-"formed of all the fabric, conduct, and wonderful "œconomy

"œconomy of the univerſe, and ſhould, when he "came back, not meet with any one to whom he "could relate what he had ſeen; I am perſuaded," continued this great man, "he would regret his ha- "ving made the journey."

In ſhort, man is for the moſt part fond of telling, not only what he has ſeen, but alſo what he has read, nay even what he has but heard ſaid; nor is he leſs deſirous of hearing others do the ſame. Now that this pleaſure is ever reciprocally imparted in hell, is an inconteſtable truth, and what cannot in the leaſt be doubted. Every one there is curious to know minutely what paſſes here; nor are there wanting people to inform them every minute of the day or night; ſo that it may be ſaid, that, notwithſtanding the extreme heat of the climate, there is no country to which news come freſher than to this: by this way it was that the wicked rich man, whoſe ſtory is related in the goſpel, had learned the bad courſe his brethren led; and as charity reigns infinitely more in hell than on earth, it was for that reaſon that he demanded permiſſion to return, not to enjoy again the pleaſures he had taſted in his life-time, but only with a deſign to work for their converſion and ſalvation.

With regard to news, I cannot help remarking by-the-bye, that the inhabitants of hell are infinitely better uſed to this article, than commonly we are in this world: for to ſay truth, the news which we ſee daily

daily publiſhed to us in journals, gazetteers, and chronicles, or hear vented by our coffee-houſe politicians and contemplative ſtateſmen, are moſtly liable to errors, nay often abſolutely falſe, eſpecially in points referring to the affairs of kingdoms: now this abuſe reigns not in hell, for as there are inſtantly arriving perſonages, who frequently have played the capital parts on the great ſtage of the world, they muſt in conſequence be much better inſtructed with what is paſſing behind the curtain; and, furthermore, beſides their being on this account much more to be believed than others, as they are much more nice and delicate in point of honour and of character, they would be very ſorry to expoſe themſelves to be looked upon and treated as ſlanderers by perſons with whom they are to dwell for ever. It is for this reaſon therefore, and through this way, that a more certain information is there to be obtained, than on the earth, of every thing moſt ſecret that paſſes in the cabinets and privy councils of ſovereign princes.

ANOTHER reaſon which gives a more demonſtrative proof of what I have here advanced is, that as the miniſters and counſellors of princes are obliged, whilſt upon earth, to maintain an abſolute ſecrecy on theſe great articles, which for the ſake of their own intereſt alſo they never fail to do; it is extremely difficult, and even almoſt impoſſible, they ſhould tranſpire to the public: but as thoſe gentlemen, when they think fit to come out of the upper world,

come

come down directly to the lower regions, no longer bound to the oath of secrecy, which they have kept not without trouble during their lives, they make themselves amends for the laborious task, by instantly publishing all they know.

But after all, should even these, which by the way scarce ever happens, from an habitual use of secrecy, be obstinate in still persevering in it, hell would not by that means be worse served with news upon the very best authority: for this they are obliged to a most numerous society of men †, who have been settled on the earth above two hundred years, and who having laid it down as a plan, to have settlements wherever there are any of the race of man subsisting, dispatch in consequence, from time to time, sufficient numbers to the infernal mansions, where it may be said, they are in their true element.

These men, who are indeed of a singular character, and who are named amongst one another Good Companions, have in the upper world divers titles, according to the different countries they inhabit. In one place they are called Acignians, that is as much as to say, Firebrands; in another Ignatians, that is, people devoted to eternal flames: here they are called Loyolites or Suites; by which are only

† The Jesuits.

only meant, perſons who live in this world only for themſelves, and whoſe every word and action centers entirely in the intereſt of their own companions. And laſtly, there they are called Eſauites; by which are meant, a ſet of people who have all the love for their neighbours, which Eſau had formerly to his brother Jacob *: now as theſe ſelf-named good companions are ſpread abroad through all the courts of princes, into whoſe cloſeſt confidence and friendſhip they ſtop at no kind of pains to introduce themſelves, I leave you to judge, whether, with all the ſkill and craftineſs they poſſeſs, they can be unacquainted of any thing that paſſes there. In ſhort, they always are the firſt to know what affairs are debated, what councils held, what affairs are on the carpet, and what reſolutions taken; in all which they contrive to have a large ſhare, if their ſociety is ever ſo little concerned in them; and as there are bodies of them conſtantly coming down to hell; and as they are, moreover, the beſt kind of people in the world, not in the leaſt reſerved, never curious, no liars, never jealous, incapable of deceiving any one, and earneſt to do pleaſure to every one, it muſt undoubtedly be one of the greateſt in the world to themſelves, the relating

* Geneſis, chapter xxxvii. verſe 31. And Eſau hated Jacob, becauſe of the bleſſing wherewith his father bleſſed him.

relating to their new companions all the freſh news of whatſoever paſſes in the world.

It is through the channel of theſe good Ignatians they daily gain knowledge in hell of all that is done even in the moſt diſtant countries of the North, in all the Eaſtern ſtates, the Weſt and South, throughout the large bounds of every one of which they have fixed ſettlements both rich and ſolid; even through the extenſive tracts of both the Indies; in China and Japan; in Ceylon, where ſome geographers have placed the ancient earthly paradiſe; in the Molucca iſlands, in Florida, Jamaica, and Virginia, in Cuba and the iſle of Hiſpaniola: through them we have been exactly informed of what is done in Mexico and Peru, in Brazil, Chili, and in Paraguay, where theſe good companions have found means to raiſe themſelves a kingdom the richeſt and moſt powerful, wherein they rule with a more ſovereign, more arbitrary ſway, than any of the monarchs of the univerſe: through them have we been faithfully informed of all that is done in Africa, that very extenſive quarter of the world, almoſt as unknown to us Europeans as the Terræ Incognitæ is to all the reſt of the inhabitants of the world. In ſhort, by the means of theſe good companions, things become known in hell, that are not even known in Heaven, which in this point ſeems to be the ſeat of ignorance. In effect, it does not appear that thoſe who inhabit heaven have half the degree of curioſity with regard

to

to the things which happen here below; which made one of the greateſt of the Jewiſh prophets ſay, when ſpeaking of his nation (which was formerly ſaid, and ſtill believes itſelf to be, the only people in the univerſe beloved by God) "Abraham is ignorant of us, "and Iſrael acknowledgeth us not §."

CHAP. XV.

A moſt wonderful and dazzling ſight to be viewed in Hell: with the deſcription of a comical medley.

IF all that which we have juſt related be extremely ſatisfactory to curious minds, and ſuch as love inſtruction, what a new pleaſure muſt it be to them, and all others, to view this prodigious motley of modes and habits, which the great crowds who daily come to Hell bring with them, and keep there! This variety is ſo agreeable, and ſo pleaſing, that "The more "we ſee, the more we would ſee ſtill."

THE ſacred author of the firſt book of kings relates, that the prophet Samuel, having been conjured up by the ſorcereſs, who made him return from the bottom

§ Iſa. lxiii. 16. 1 Sam. xxviii.

bottom of Hell, or from Purgatory, where he was, (for it is not credible that he was then in heaven) appeared before Saul, not only with the same features and shape, but with the same dress which he wore when living; from whence I conclude, that the same custom continues still in hell. Now tell me, I beg of you, if there is in the world a spectacle more various, or more creative for the eyes, than that which this custom must produce! What a pleasure to see in this place popes, having on their heads their grand tiaras, embellished with three crowns of gold, set one upon another; the symbol of their omnipotency on earth, in heaven, and hell; the whole adorned in every part with the finest pearls, and the most precious jewels! in that, emperors cloathed in their richest and most magnificent ceremonial habits! Here, kings trailing their coronation robes of velvet and embroidery, turned down with folds of rich ermine, whiter than the falling snow! there, princes, dukes, and electors in all the pompous habiliments they wore in the greatest processions! In one spot, cardinals with their hats, their bonnets, their cloaks, their cassocks, their capes, and their scarlet shoes; and in another, bishops, archbishops, and abbots, with crosiers in their hands, and mitres on their heads, shining with gold and jewels!

What sight can be more delightful, than that which is presented to the eye by that motley assemblage of monks, dressed in all colours, and in every fashion;

faſhion; ſome with their cowls cut pointed, others round, ſome ſquare, and others like a pepper-box; ſome extremely ſtraight and narrow, and others of that bulk and amplitude, capable to cover the head of an elephant, nay, take in his trunk, his ears, and tuſks: one girded with a rope, another with a ſtrap, like mules or horſes; ſome ſhorn, and others with their hair; ſome ſhaven, and with their chins as ſmooth, and cheeks as roſy, as the moſt delicate fribble of the times; and others with a thick, long, dirty beard, hanging down to their girdles, and giving them the look rather of goats than men: here you ſee ſome without breeches, ſhirts, or ſtockings; there, others with their ſhirts over their other dreſs. In one place you obſerve them with their ſpatterdaſhes on, as if they were expecting every moment to go upon a long journey; yet look but farther, and you ſee another ſet going about the very ſtreets and fields bareheaded, legged, and footed, as if they were ſo many dogs: one claſs of them you ſee as groſs and fat as hogs, another kind as lean, as thin, and withered, as ſo many cuckoos. In ſhort, ſome of them you behold covered with dirty rags, worſe than the pooreſt beggars, whilſt others are tricked out in point device, and rather have the air of ſome young female devotee, who has been ſpending three or four hours at her toilette, conſulting how to accommodate the difference between the natural decency of habit, and thoſe advantages

tages which coquetry tells her she may acquire from dress.

Nearly the same motley mixture may be seen in the military, as well from the colour and fashion of their cloaths, as from the variety of their equipage and arms.

To this delightful picture we may join the different forms of dress peculiar to every nation; forms which commonly change every year, and sometimes oftener: nay, with some nations, such as, for example, the French, they are so changeable, that such a fashion as was entirely new in the morning, becomes old by noon, and before night it is quite forgotten.

CHAP. XVI.

Great variety of fashions with regard to the dressing of the hair and the beards in Hell.

If this amazing variety gives you pleasure, you will not receive less from the manner in which all these people dress their hair and beards. As to the former, some shave them into two equal parts, arranging them in such a fashion, that there shall not be more in one side than the other, leaving a separation

tion between the one half and the other, which makes a kind of barrier, and will not allow any of the hairs of the right side to incroach the least upon those which possess the territories on the left: others suffer them to fall negligently over their foreheads and eyes, which are thereby entirely covered: one set turns them up, and make them to fall back to the hinder part of their heads, where, by the means of a crooked comb, they hold them continually in the same position; whilst others again cut them to the length of an inch or two, and by means of a mixture of hog's fat and flour, make of them a kind of semi-circle round their foreheads, which gives them the appearance of a wild boar's head, set round with bristles; some, in the fashion of the women of former times, suffer them to grow as long as they will, and then let them flow loose in the wind; others inclose them up in a bag, or make a kind of tail of them, either single, twisted, or tied up with ribbon; whilst others again, have them so very short, as scarcely to hide their ears, or even shade the nape of their necks; one set of them shave off part of them, and let the rest grow, giving themselves the appearance of so many shock dogs; whilst another set shave them off intirely; and, as if it was a shame or discredit to them to wear such head-dresses as the great Author of nature has given them, chuse rather to put on a covering of foreign hair (sometimes cut off by stealth from some unhappy criminal's head, whilst hanging on the gal-

low

lows) in which they may be ſeen haughtily ſtrutting in hell, as they did formerly upon the earth. Laſtly, another race, ſuch as the Savages, Canibals, and Anthropophagi, with their hair all diſhevelled, and ſtanding up on end, look like furies, with ſerpents in the room of treſſes, and fright you with their very ſight.

Nor is there a variety leſs diverting in the forms of beards. Aſtronomers have parted the fixed ſtars into ſix claſſes, according to their different magnitudes: in the ſame manner may beards alſo be arranged, according to their ſeveral bulks: in this number however, I do not comprize the claſs of little beardlings, nor thoſe pretty maiden chins, ſtrewed thinly here and there with a few ſtraggling hairs; which may on that account be well compared to the milky way, in which the ſtars whereof it is compoſed look ſo ſmall, on account of their great diſtance, that they can ſcarcely be perceived even by the beſt teleſcopes in Holland. No, no; theſe beardlings, a dozen of which could ſcarcely ſupply one ſizeable muſtachio, muſt not here find a [illegible]e in this our catalogue. I do not pretend to ſpeak of any but thoſe large, maſſy, buſhy beards, thoſe beards in folio, of which one ſingle one might be ſufficient to fill a pillow or a cuſhion: many of theſe are to be ſeen in hell, deſcending in triple rows down to the very navel of the wearer; theſe beards, moſt truly venerable, take all kinds of forms, according to the taſte or

fancy of those whom they belong to: some of them scattered and displayed like a loose cock of hay, which is not yet dry enough to go into the barn or stack, cover the breasts and stomachs, nay even the very bellies of their owners, who could not be persuaded to quit them for all the gold of Peru. Another sort, cut in a rounder form, looks like a parcel of flax made ready for the wheel, and waiting only for the spinster's hand to work it. Another kind, divided into two points, resembles the soc and coultre of a plough, quite ready to cut you through, if you do not take care to get out of its way. A fifth sort, wrapt and winded in two very fine flame-coloured ribbons, resembles the claws of a boiled lobster. Lastly, another kind, twisted, braided and corded, represents perfectly well to us those long-tailed comets, which we have seen from time to time appear in the sky, and whose appearance has formerly caused so much terror to timid and superstitious mortals. But now whilst we are about the head, let us finish here the diverting picture which it furnishes us with.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

The prodigious variety of head-dresses in Hell.

THERE was a proverb among the ancient Latins, which meant, "So many heads, so many various opinions:" for my part, I think we may at present say, with as much truth, "So many heads, so many different head-dresses." In short, what a prodigious variety there is of caps, hats, turbans, and other head-dresses; some are square, some round, some triangular; some shalloped, some in the form of a dragoon's cap, some like pandores, and some, like the Chinese, are in the form of a mushroom; others in that of a sugar loaf; some have great, others small brims; some are cocked up after the fashion of the soldiers, whilst others are hanging down, like those of ministers, priests, and other devout persons; one kind are bordered or embroidered richly with gold or silver, another sort magnificently adorned with feathers of every different colour; some green, like those of bishops or archbishops *; some red, as those of cardinals; some white, like those of the Jews in certain countries; some white, as those of millers, and of certain monks much on a footing with them: and

* Of the Romish church.

laſtly, ſome black, the uſual and general colour here in Europe: and ſo much for the head-dreſs of the men.

WITH regard to thoſe of the women, I might as ſoon undertake to reckon the number of all the ſtars in Heaven, or of all the drops of water, or grains of ſand, which are within the ſea, or on its banks, as pretend to enter into a detail of all the ſeveral kinds of head-dreſs they have contrived, or brought into the world: I ſhall therefore take great care not to plunge myſelf into this ſea of difficulty; in which, once entered, I ſhould never find a bottom, nor be ever able to get again to land; and ſhall prudently paſs on to another part of the dreſs: the ſight of which is far from being one of the leaſt pleaſing, or the leaſt delightful of hell.

THIS then is their pretty body-dreſs of ſtays or jumps, whoſe cavity and nicely-conducted bend lets us ſee a half, nay ſometimes the whole, of thoſe two delightful hemiſpheres, whiter than ſnow, harder than marble, and more attractive than the loadſtone; charming objects! which ever yet have conſtructed, and ever ſhall, ſo long as this world laſts, the moſt delightful pleaſure of mankind; ſupported and kept up by thoſe pretty ſtomachers, which are ornamented with all that the moſt refined luxury of gallantry has ever thought the moſt attracting. You ſee them ſome under gauſes, extremely thin and fine, and others without any veil, riſing and falling alternately, going

going and coming at each act of respiration, and, as it were, using all their endeavours to escape from this kind of prison, in which these fair ones keep them thus confined, without which we would see them dart forwards into the very hands of those who view and gaze on them with transport. What a ravishing and delicious spectacle for those lovers who are so numerous in hell!

CHAP. XVIII.

A parliament of women in Hell. A pleasant story relating to it.

HOWEVER, the intense desires of these last are a little weakened by another surprising sight, not so agreeable, which is that of a sort of senate, or tribunal, composed of women; at the head of which is that famous Xantippe, wife of Socrates, who, whilst she lived, exercised so well the patience of that philosopher. All these women (amongst whom those of Holland, and especially those of the rich and proud city of Amsterdam, hold the first rank), arrogantly wearing the hat and the breeches, as public marks of their authority, give their orders, and dictate their pleasures over their silly husbands, whom

they lead, like fools, by the nose; commanding them with a rod, and forcing obedience from them with a degree of haughtiness which the most absolute monarch would not shew to the very meanest of his subjects.

It is even related, on this point, that these women, having been used on earth to govern the men, had once upon a time a mind to assume the same authority over Lucifer, his court, and all his subjects; and that with this design they had laid a plot amongst themselves to usurp the authority by strength of arms. The affair was even already carried so far, as that they were to be seen armed cap-a-pee, with swords by their sides, and helmets on their heads: in a word, they were all ready to execute their project, and for the total overthrow of the infernal kingdom; nay, this revolution would certainly have happened, if Lucifer, who was warned of it in time by his spies, had not quickly banished them over to the quarters of Hercules *, Sardanapalus †, Solomon, Heliogabalus,

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* A hero and demi-god, very much given to the love of women, for whose sake he committed many meannesses. Every one knows that he spun with Omphale, and that he perished by the fatal present he received from Dejanira, one of his wives, whom he tenderly loved.

† A king of the Assyrians. His reign, which last-

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‡, Heliogabalus §, and ſome other effeminate men, over whom he gave them full authority to exerciſe their power.

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ed twenty years, is ſaid to have been one continued ſeries of debaucheries. He paſſed his time in ſpinning amongſt his wives and concubines, wearing women's cloaths, that he might not be diſtinguiſhed from them. His effeminacy raiſed Arſaces, governor of the province of Media, againſt him. Sardanapalus defeated this rebel in ſeveral actions; but his army being defeated in its turn, he left the command of it to his brother, who was beaten in two battles, and entirely cut to pieces in a third. This ſeries of misfortunes induced Sardanapalus to reſolve on ſhutting himſelf up in Niniveh, where he reſiſted the attacks of the conſpirators, who laid ſiege to that city, for three years. But at length a prodigious fall of rain producing an overflow of the river, which carried away a great part of the walls, Sardanapalus, deſpairing of being any longer able to oppoſe them, cauſed a magnificent pile to be erected in the middle of his palace, in which he burnt himſelf, his wives, his concubines, and all his wealth.

‡ The ſon of David, by Bathſheba, the wife of Uriah. No man ever ſignalized himſelf on the throne by a greater ſhare of knowledge, or by a larger number of follies. For, as the beginning of his reign was glorious and admirable, ſo was the end of it ſhameful and infamous. He carried his paſſion for women to ſuch a pitch as no one had ever done

before him, nor none has ever done ſince, having had ſeven hundred wives, who all enjoyed the title of queen, and three hundred concubines. His connexion with them drew him into apoſtacy; inſomuch, that he worſhipped their idols, cauſed temples to be erected for them, and inſtituted ſacrifices to them. He left an example of incontinence to all the princes of the Eaſt, which they have ſince pretty cloſely followed, in the multitude of women wherewith their ſeraglios are filled. After this, what great occaſion have we to make our boaſt of the extent of human wiſdom, of which this ſovereign is ſaid to have been the moſt perfect pattern!

§ M. Aurelius Antoninus Verus, ſurnamed Heliogabalus, from his having been prieſt of the ſun amongſt the Phœnicians. He ſucceeded the emperor Macrinus, who had been depoſed by the ſoldiery. This young prince ſtained his character with ſuch crimes and debaucheries, that he was ſurnamed the Sardanapalus of Rome. During ſomewhat leſs than four years and three months which he held the empire, he married four wives, and eſtabliſhed a ſenate of women; of whom he made his mother preſident. His crimes, his debauchery, his luxury and extravagance, forced even the ſoldiers of his own guard to revolt againſt him and kill both him and his mother. The people of Rome dragged their bodies through the ſtreets, then threw them into a bog-houſe, and after that into the Tiber. This emperor was not above twenty years of age when he was killed; and yet in that very ſhort life he had committed ſuch a number of crimes, of every kind imaginable, as even the plain recital of could not not be heard without horror.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Fantaſtical diverſity in the other parts of the dreſs of the inhabitants of Hell.

WE now come to the whimſical motley of the habits of thoſe who reſide in hell. You will find there ſome of all faſhions, every one more fooliſh than another. Some wear them ſo ſtrait and cloſe, that they can ſcarcely breathe within them; on the contrary, others have them ſo wide, that they would eaſily contain two or three bodies ſuch as theirs; others again wear them cut and mangled in ſuch a manner, that you would rather believe they were wrapped in a net than in a habit. Some have their ſleeves ſo ſtrait, that they cannot get their hands into them, without a deal of trouble; whilſt others wear them ſo wide, that their whole bodies, were they ever ſo big, might paſs through them. In ſhort, there are ſome ſo extravagant, that, wanting, in all appearance, to paſs for monſters, they cauſe their cloaths to be made with two pair of ſleeves; one pair of which they throw behind them, and which, fluttering at their backs, gives them the aſpect of ſo many crows or wild geeſe, juſt ready to fly; the whole trimmed with ſuch a prodigious quantity of ribbons,

very light, thin, and peaked, which only, as it were, grazes along her ſurface. There alſo you ſee another kind, called pattens, which are made for the ſake of certain women, who, thinking themſelves too ſhort, have had the ingenuity to find out a ſecret for doing what appeared impoſſible to the Saviour of the world; I mean, the adding five or ſix, and even ſometimes ten or twelve inches, to their little height, by giving that addition to their foot-attire. This folly, which they had on earth, has alſo followed them to the infernal regions; where, mounted upon this kind of ſtilts, they ſtill divert thoſe who ſee them walking in this manner.

The ſame pleaſure it is to ſee the Chineſe ladies, hopping about and waddling like magpies or water-wagtails, who, to have their feet of a ſurpriſing littleneſs, cauſe them to be broke and bent back in tendereſt infancy; a folly, for which, at every ſtep they take, they pay the tribute of a ſevere and ſmarting penance; but which, however, does not hinder their imitating, in this reſpect, their fooliſh mothers, as ſoon as ever they themſelves become ſuch.

In another place you may ſee others, who having in this world been fooliſh enough to wear ſhoes entirely cut down before, give way to the ſame extravagance, when they get below ſtairs: indeed they alledge in vindication of it beſides, that this way of being ſhod appears to them a very handſome faſhion, that it is alſo a very uſeful and convenient one, on the

the account of tempering and cooling, in ſome meaſure, the burning heat of the infernal gout, which they are tormented with from time to time. Others, on the contrary, who have improved upon the faſhions of their times, wear them with latches of ſuch an height, as almoſt cover half their legs, and which they adorn with great tufts of roſes, which give them greatly the appearance of rough-footed pigeons. Laſtly, you ſhall ſee ſome, who, although they were never on horſeback in their lives, or ever took any journey, but this to hell, yet always wore on earth, and ſtill continue to do the ſame in hell, a large pair of jack-boots, adorned with long ſpurs, which, frequently entangling with their legs as they are walking, trip them up, and ſometimes bring them, with their noſes, to the ground. Now I demand of you, if entertainments as comical as theſe, and which in hell coſt but the trouble of looking at, muſt not afford an infinite pleaſure? and if there is any thing here upon earth that can be compared with it?

But now, after having run through, and given an exact account, as we have done, of every thing which hell contains of the grand, agreeable, curious, and amuſing, let us go on to enquire into its form of government, its conſtitution, and the good order which is kept in it. This will be the ſubject of my third and laſt part.

THE

that one of their ſuits might almoſt furniſh out an haberdaſher's ſhop.

THE ſame extravagance appears in the faſhions of breeches; ſome of which deſcend quite to the heels, and others do not even reach the knees; of the latter ſort, ſome are alſo ſo narrow, and ſo thin, as will ſcarcely hide what nature and modeſty enjoin us to conceal; whilſt of the former, ſome are ſo large and ſpacious, that they might, in neceſſity, ſerve for a ſail to a little ſhip. Add to this, that rich people frequently load them with ſuch plenty of gold, ſilver and gems, that it is ſcarce poſſible to diſtinguiſh even the leaſt pattern of the original ſtuff they are made of.

ALSO a like motley mixture of fancy is to be ſeen in the ſtockings; not only in the colours, and ſtuff of their materials, but likewiſe in the manner of wearing them; ſome garter them above the knee, others below it: one takes the greateſt care imaginable that they are drawn up ſo tight, as not the leaſt wrinkle may be ſeen; whilſt another, to ſhew an air of negligence, ſuffers them to fall down almoſt about his heels; whilſt a third wears two or three pairs of different colours, one upon another; and that they may be the eaſier diſcerned, rolls them and ties them up at different heights, enriching each one of theſe ſeveral ſtages with different knots of ribbon, in ſuch a manner, that you might well take him,

him, with his legs thus adorned, for a Mercury † just ready to set out upon his flight, to execute the commands of his father Jupiter.

Nay, not even the coverings of the feet are beneath our taking notice of, as objects worthy of curiosity in hell. In the first rank may be seen those sacred slippers of the popes, embellished with gold embroidery; which were, whilst in this world, an object of the veneration of kings and princes, and of the greatest lords, who have reckoned it as the highest honour, if these most holy fathers would allow them only to kiss them with the most profound respect. Next to these holy slippers come the sandals, shoes, and other foot-dresses of empresses, of queens, and princesses; and lastly, of our ladies of the present time, which are no less brilliant or magnificent. In the fashion of these last there is one thing, no doubt very edifying, to be remarked; which is, that from a due consideration and respect, a reverential regard to the earth, our common mother, and from the fear they are under of over-burdening her, they touch her only with the small tip of the foot; all the rest of the body leaning only on one heel of wood

† The poets having given to Mercury the office of messenger to the gods, have also bestowed wings on him, which he fixes to his feet whenever he has any message to execute on earth.

THE PRAISE OF HELL.

PART THIRD.

CHAP. I.

What form of government there is in Hell.

WE have a long time disputed (and are not yet agreed in this point) what is the best and most advantageous form of government for any nation, and for the people whereof it consists. Some are for a Democracy, others for Aristocracy,

ristocracy, and, in short, others for Monarchy. Although every one of these opinions has its favourites, and is supported by very solid reasons, it nevertheless appears certain, that monarchy prevails over the other two; first, because it is that which God himself has always followed, and still does follow, in the management of the universe; whereof he always has been, and will be, the chief monarch, as long as it continues; he is also called, in sacred writings, the LORD of LORDS, KING of KINGS, and RULER of PRINCES: secondly, because this sort of government is the most natural, as appears very evidently from the example of the bees, to whom Nature herself has taught it: and, in the third and last place, because the four great empires which succeeded one another in the world, and existed in it for almost two thousand years, all adopted and followed a monarchical form of government.

Now, as all these facts are most undoubtedly true, it is also no less certain, that this is the government of the infernal empire: the first proof I shall here quote of it is, that Lucifer, who, as you know very well, was, whilst in heaven, before his fall, the prince of angels, has maintained in hell the same command over them, exercising in that place an absolute and despotic power, not only over those rebellious and unhappy spirits, but also over all those who dwell there with them. For which reason the scriptures have given him the magnificent titles

titles and ſurnames of Beelzebub *; which ſignifies King, Prince, or Sovereign of Flies; that is to ſay, of angels and of ſouls, which, after death, are as light as flies: that of the Prince of the Devils †, and of the Power (or ſovereignty) of darkneſs ‡, whoſe empire God himſelf has called a real kingdom §.

MOREOVER, let us reflect but ever ſo little on the particulars which I have made above, and which I am now going to continue, and we ſhall readily grant, and without any difficulty, that there was never perhaps in the world a kingdom better governed, more populous, nor ordered with more regularity, and therefore no one more powerful or flouriſhing than this. For it is the multitude of ſubjects, and the good government that is obſerved in a nation, which conſtitutes its ſtrength and power. Heroes of all ſorts, learned men and doctors in every faculty; artiſts, merchants and artiſans of every kind; nothing, in ſhort, is wanting here, which can make a powerful kingdom.

CHAP.

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* Mat. ch. xii. ver. 24.
† Mark, ch. iii. 22.
‡ Epheſ. ch. vi. ver. 12. Col. ch. i. ver. 13.
§ Matt. ch. xii. ver. 26.

CHAP. II.

Univerſities and academies in Hell.

IT is not to be doubted, but that in hell there are a vaſt number of very learned and profound divines; at the head of whom is the famous apoſtle ſurnamed Iſcariot, who had been inſtructed, as well as all his brethren, at the ſame ſchool with our Saviour. Next in order you obſerve at his right hand the renowned Simon, ſurnamed Magus; and at his left the famous Alexander VI. who, having turned every thing upon earth into money, and even ſold heaven itſelf, where he thought not of reſerving one ſingle place for himſelf, and finding at his death that he had no other retreat, took the road to hell, as many of his predeceſſors had done, where he was accepted with open arms.

IN the company of theſe illuſtrious renowned chiefs are to be ſeen a great ſwarm of learned monks and zealous preachers of every order, excepting that of St. Francis; and this exception I make on the undoubted, and not to be ſuſpected, proof of one of their young noviciates, who having been, in a trance, tranſported to hell, aſſured us, on his return, that he did not ſee there one ſingle churchman of their order.

order. This was the very learned and moſt impartial father Sedulus himſelf, a Franciſcan monk, who, in one of his books, reports this marvellous adventure, which I leave to the pious credulity of my readers.

In hell then, all theſe moſt learned perſonages, to whom Luciſer gives great ſalaries (for in the other world, no more than in ours, will this kind of people do any thing for nothing; beſides that, as they are the conſtant ſupporters of his empire, it is but reaſonable that they ſhould be well paid); there, I ſay, all theſe Doctiſſimi, in their learned aſſemblies, and in their public lectures, inquire into all thoſe ſubjects and queſtions which are of the greateſt importance in the religion of Hell: for example; whether it is not lawful to make uſe of equivocation?—to murder our neighbours, and even kings themſelves? Whether the popes are not ſuperior to general councils, however œcumenical? Whether they have not an abſolute power over all the temporal good things of this world? Whether they have not a right to give and take away kingdoms and empires at their pleaſure? And laſtly, whether they have not an intire and unlimited power of breaking and diſannulling all treaties of peace made for the ſake of religion?

In their hours of recreation, theſe divines diſpute amongſt themſelves, by way of paſtime, on the following grave and engaging queſtions; viz. Whether

or

or not the Virgin Mary was conceived in original ſin? What is the true efficient cauſe of converſion? In which of his two natures Jeſus Chriſt became our mediator? Whether his going down to hell can be proved by the ſcriptures? Whether predeſtination is the conſequence of a foreknowledge of the merits of man? Whether the juſt can be certain of ſalvation, and of the help of divine grace? And a thouſand other fine queſtions of this kind; the examination and enquiry of which had been the occupation of their whole lives here on earth; but which they had never been able to agree, or even decide any thing about. Here, however, they flatter themſelves they ſhall be able to bring them to an end; at leaſt they are well aſſured, that they want not time, in this place, to examine them intirely at their leiſure.

NEXT to theſe learned and profound theologiſts come the grave and ſubtile doctors of the ſchools; the Albertus Magnus's, the Alexander de Ales's ‡, the

‡ This ſcholaſtic writer, who was ſurnamed, in his time, the Irrefragable Doctor, and the Fountain of Life, was an Engliſhman, and a cordelier. Having, as it is ſaid, engaged himſelf to refuſe nothing that was demanded of him in the name of the Virgin Mary, for whom he had the higheſt devotion, the cordeliers of his country, who were informed of his oath, begged of him, by that ſacred name, to enter

the Duns Scotus's †, the Ockhams ‡, the Marcilius's,

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ter himſelf into their order, which he inſtantly agreed to, in the year 1222, and had afterwards the honour to have for a diſciple St. Bonaventura, alſo a friar of the ſame order. He was ordered by pope Alexander VI. to compoſe a commentary on the ſentences of Pierre Lombard, biſhop of Paris; and alſo a ſummary of ſchool divinity, which was extremely ſubtile. He compoſed alſo many other works which have not appeared; but his ſummary gives no great cauſe to regret the loſs of them. He died at Paris, in the year 1246, and was buried there, in the convent of that order, where his monument is yet to be ſeen.

† Another cordelier, who acquired the title in his life-time of the Subtile Doctor. His name was Johannes Duns, and was called Scotus, becauſe they ſay he was a Scotſman. He died at Cologne, in 1308, aged about thirty-five years. It is to this monk the church of Rome is indebted for the doctrine of Immaculate Conception; which he propoſed, not as a principle, but only as an opinion. It is well known how great a progreſs that opinion has made ſince the death of its inventor. All this man's works have been publiſhed in twelve volumes, folio, by his brethren, who are the only perſons, I believe, who read them.

‡ William Ockham, another cordelier, by country an Engliſhman, and a diſciple of the foregoing. He lived

lius's §, the Biels †, the Molina's ‡, the Bellarmines,

lived in the fourteenth century, and was surnamed by his brethren the invincible Doctor, the ſingular Doctor, and the venerable Maſter. He was chief of a ſect, who maintained that Chriſt and his diſciples poſſeſſed nothing, either in common, or in particular; which gave riſe to that pleaſing queſtion, Whether the property of the bread and wine and other food which theſe monks conſumed according to cuſtom, belonged to them, or whether they had only the bare uſe of them? This queſtion, indeed comical, and worthy of the idleneſs and genius of the monks, occupied them a long time, and occaſioned thouſands of writings. This important affair, however, could not be terminated without the interpoſition of the holy ſee. Pope Nicolas III. who had himſelf been a cordelier, found means to enrich them, without breaking through their rule of poſſeſſing no property; but decided it, that they ſhould enjoy the uſe of whatever was given them, but that the property of it ſhould belong to the church of Rome; by which means, he, under the name of the church of Rome, gave them infinite poſſeſſions. But John XXII. his ſucceſſor, who had not the ſame regard for that order, repealed that bull by two contrary ones. Ockham died in 1347, leaving, as uſual, many works behind him, which have ſince frequently enriched the paſtry-cooks ſhops.

§ A Fleming; canon and treaſurer of the church of

mines *, and a number of others of the ſame ſtamp: all perſons who were of great ſervice to Luciſer whilſt

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of St. Andrew, at Cologne; he lived in the fourteenth century, and died in 1393, leaving many works behind him.

† A German, who lived in the fifteenth century. He taught divinity in the duchy of Wirtemberg; died in 1495; and amongſt his other works, left four books of commentaries on the ſentences of Pierre Lombard; which were the bible of that time.

‡ A jeſuit, by birth a Spaniard. He entered into this order in 1553, taught divinity for twenty years at Evora in Portugal, and died at Madrid in 1600. He left many works, the laſt of which, on the Agreement of Grace and Free-will, has ſtirred up troubles in the Romiſh church, which have already laſted about an hundred and fifty years, and perhaps may do ſo for as many more; ſince, according to eccleſiaſtical cuſtom, neither ſide will yield to the other.

* A controvertiſt of the ſixteenth century; more tolerable, and ſomewhat more rational, than any of thoſe we have been ſpeaking of. He was nephew, by the mother's ſide, to pope Marcellus II. He was born at Montepulciana in Tuſcany. His genius and talents, added to his illuſtrious birth, raiſed him to the higheſt dignities in the church, having been made cardinal and archbiſhop of Capua. He died on the ſeventeenth of September, 1621, in the ſeventy-ninth

whilſt on earth, and who ſtill continue, in hell, to publiſh the ſame doctrines which they taught when living.

In the neighbourhood of the foregoing are to be found the doctors of the evangelic and reformed church; who, having been uſed during their lives to ſubordination, and obliged by government to keep within the narrow bounds of their miniſtry, took not the liberty, whilſt on earth, and much leſs dare they do it in hell, to treat on theſe perilous queſtions, which the ſpirit of pride, of curioſity, of ſovereignty, and independency, ſuggeſted to others; yet ſtill the ſpirit of diſputation and argument, which they are no leſs animated by, has made them raiſe up others full as intricate, and at the ſame time of not much better conſequence. Of this kind are the diſputes they have with one another on original ſin; on the power of free-will; on the univerſal election of mankind; on the conſtancy of ſaints; on the neceſſity or uſefulneſs of good works on account of ſalvation; nay, even on God himſelf; viz. Whether he is not the cauſe of

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ninth year of his age, and left behind him many treatiſes on controverſial points; ſome of which have been refuted by proteſtants, and ſome by catholics; ſome have been condemned and cried down by the parliaments of Paris, and ſome by the ſenate of Venice; and laſtly, others have fallen intirely into oblivion, not being now almoſt read by any.

of all the ſins which are perpetrated upon earth, at leaſt of thoſe of accident? and a thouſand other queſtions, of the like kind, on which they could never be reconciled in this world, and will be ſtill leſs ſo in the next.

FROM the whole of theſe particulars then, it follows, that if any one would be taught the true doctrines which will lead him to heaven, he ought not to make his application to theſe perſons, and ſtill leſs ought he to imitate them in the conduct he ſees them take in life. In ſhort, when we reflect ever ſo little on the latter of thoſe particulars, we may compare them all to thoſe bells which call devout people to prayers, but which always remain themſelves in the belfry, without taking any part in this pious and godly exerciſe: or, like thoſe pretty ſigns which we ſee at the doors of great inns and taverns, which invite you to walk in, by promiſing you all manner of ſatisfaction, entertainment, and accommodation within doors, but which never ſtir one ſingle ſtep themſelves; they are ſatisfied with ſtaying at the door, ſilently telling you it is too expenſive for them; and that they do not chuſe, at ſo dear a rate, thoſe things which they thus declare and promiſe others.

NEXT to theſe venerable perſonages are placed the ancient doctors of the Hebrew nation, their Phariſees and Scribes, their Rabbins, and their doctors of the law: all men who formerly held the firſt ranks in Lucifer's academies; but who long ſince have been

been obliged, by the peculiar command of that monarch, to give precedence to the Chriſtian doctors, from whom he has received much greater ſervices.

In their train are the Pontiffs, the Flamins, the Aruſpices of ancient Rome; the Prieſts of ancient Greece; the Britiſh Druids; the Mufti's and the Imans of the Turks; the Derviſes and Moulabs of the Perſians; the Bonzas, Bramins, Talapoins and Tirimimpis of the Indians; the Hoxions of the Chineſe; and other perſonages conſecrated to the worſhip of different religions. There all theſe ſerious and venerable men, all pretty nearly equal in their ſtock of real knowledge, paſs all their days and nights in commenting, paraphraſing, interpreting, gloſſing, explaining, unfolding, adjuſting and puzzling, ſome of them the oracles of their Sybils †; others their Alcoran ‡; and every one of them, in

 ſhort,

† This is a name which antiquity has given to certain pretended propheteſſes, for whom they had the greateſt veneration, and whoſe writings were looked upon as ſacred, and dictated by Heaven itſelf. They reckoned twelve of them, whoſe oracles were always conſulted on any great calamity, or the happening of any extraordinary event.

‡ This is the bible of the Mahometans; as indeed the name of Al-Koran, which they have given to this book, implies. To render it the more ſacred and more

ſhort, ſome ſacred and divine book, wherein they reſt their faith, and ſeek the foundation of religion. For were you but to hear them, and believe them, each ſeveral doctrine came itſelf from heaven, as well as did the books it is compriſed in; each ridicules the belief of the other, and maintains his own to be the only true one; each damns the other reciprocally, and lovingly gives him to ten thouſand devils. They wrangle and diſpute among themſelves with all the vehemence imaginable: for the ſame ſpirit which animated all theſe people whilſt upon earth, now ſtirs them up there with ſo much violence, that we may truly ſay there reigns, in their aſſembly,

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more reſpectable, they pretend that it was not Mahomet, but God himſelf, who had compoſed it from all eternity, and communicated it to that prophet, through the miniſtry of the arch-angel Gabriel, who brought it to him verſe by verſe, in different places, and at different times, during the ſpace of three years. The high idea which the Jews have of the Old Teſtament, and the Chriſtians of the New, is nothing to that which the Mahometans have of their Alcoran, which they look on as containing every thing divine or holy, either in heaven or on earth; wherefore it is the object of their continual meditation, and moſt fervent piety. Like the Jews, they have almoſt continually ſome ſentences of it in their mouths, and written in all the apartments of their houſes, for the inſtruction of each other.

aſſembly, a chaos and confuſion, which that of all the workmen who built the tower of Babel, even when firſt their language was confounded, could never equal; which is no little recreation to thoſe whom curioſity attracts round them, and who always return much more content than edified.—So much then for divinity.

NEXT, with reſpect to juriſprudence and doctors in utroque; as there is nothing for them to do in Heaven (where all the inhabitants live in a perfect union, and where there is no other law ſubſiſting, but the ſupreme and eternal Will of that Ever-living Being, who has there made his dwelling), theſe gentlemen, that they may not be idle, nor ſuffer ſo many talents, and ſuch a depth of unneceſſary knowledge, to be loſt, have always taken, and ſtill do take, the road to the infernal empire; where I leave you yourſelf to think if they can want employment. In ſhort, as it is the abode of crimes and criminals, we ought to conclude, that there are every day many cauſes to examine, variety of proceſſes to decide, and many guilty to condemn. From whence it follows, that there is need of a great number of judges, counſellors, ſolicitors, conſtables, commiſſaries, clerks, attornies, bum-bailiffs, and ſerjeants. Beſides thoſe who have been there for thouſands of years, we ſee them daily arriving by hundreds; who, after having plundered, pillaged, robbed, and fattened themſelves upon earth, at the expence of their clients, of the

widow, the orphan, and the poor, come down to hell, to ſeek occupation, and exerciſe the ſame talents there. There you ſee a Cujas *, a Tardieu †, an

* The Coriphæus of all the French lawyers, and perhaps of all Europe; he was born at Thouloufe, in 1520, from among the dregs of the people; but ſoon elevated the obſcurity of his birth by his amazing qualifications. He was one of thoſe happy geniuſes who learn every thing of themſelves. He perfected himſelf in the Greek and Latin languages, and in all the branches of polite literature, without any aſſiſtance. To himſelf alſo he was indebted for the deep knowledge he acquired of the Roman laws; in which he is to this day looked on, through all Europe, as an oracle. His numerous works, which are in every hand, and are the admiration of every civilian, are the monuments and titles wherewith he has made his name immortal. He died in the year 1590, and the ſeventieth year of his life. All the contemporary writers of this great man have given him the encomiums which his memory ſo juſtly deſerves.

† Lieutenant-Criminal of Paris. He was famous for his avarice, which Boileau, in his tenth ſatire, has given us a fine deſcription of, and alſo recorded his life and tragical end. He and his wife were both murdered in their own houſe, by the perſons who got in with an intention to rob him, which, however,

an Ulpian, a Papinian, a Trebonian, a Bartholus, and many thouſands of others, whoſe names alone would make many volumes.

CHAP. III.

Logicians, phyſicians, moraliſts, and metaphyſicians in Hell.

AS to the profeſſors of medicine, they have alſo a quarter aſſigned in hell, where their conſultations are held. Theſe are greatly honoured by Lord Lucifer, who has taken care not to forget the great obligations which he lies under to them. Is it not to the doctors he is obliged for more than one half of his ſubjects, who are haſtened from the upper world? For which reaſon, the names of Eſculapius *,

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however, they were not able to complete, the doors of the apartment cloſing with ſecret ſprings, which no one knew but the deceaſed; by which means they were taken, and ſoon ſuffered the puniſhment which they deſerved.

* Son of Apollo and the nymph Coronis. The Pagans worſhipped him as the god of phyſic. He did indeed perform, by means of that art, which Chiron

Podalirus and Machaon †, Eraſiſtratus ‡, Hippocrates §, Galen ¶, and Avicenna ‖, and all the famous ſellers

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Chiron the centaur taught him, ſo many extraordinary and ſurpriſing cures, that it is ſaid, Jupiter, out of jealouſy, killed him with his thunder. Apollo, however, took him up into heaven; and temples were erected to him on the earth.

† Two ſons of Eſculapius, who taught them phyſic. Homer mentions them in his Iliad; and it appears that Machaon died at the ſiege of Troy.

‡ A phyſician, grandſon and diſciple of Ariſtotle. He lived at the court of Seleucus. Nicanor, king of Syria, when his ſon Antiochus, who afterwards ſucceeded him, being attacked with a ſlow fever which no one could find the cauſe of, Eraſiſtratus diſcovered that it was occaſioned by the violence of a paſſion which he had conceived for Stratonice, one of his father's wives. That monarch, who tenderly loved his ſon, reſigned her to him; no doubt to the great ſatisfaction of the young lady, who could not but be better ſatisfied with the ſon than the father. Eraſiſtratus compoſed many works on phyſic, which are now not to be found. He died on the taking of hemlock, at a very great age.

§ The prince of phyſicians. He was born in the iſland of Coos, about 460 years before Chriſt. He was deſcended from Eſculapius, by the father's ſide; and from Hercules by the mother's; and lived to the age of one hundred and four years. He was the

firſt

ſellers of ſena, rhubarb and caſſia, are as much regarded, and likewiſe as much feared, as that of Luci-

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firſt who applied to the ſtudy of the human frame, and gave precepts on medicine. He foretold a plague which happened in Illyria, and ſent his diſciples to attend thoſe who were ſeized by it. In gratitude for which, that nation paid him the ſame honours they had paid to his anceſtors Eſculapius and Hercules. The works of this learned man, which have been handed down to us, eſpecially his Aphoriſms and Prognoſtics, are, at preſent, looked upon as oracles, by the moſt proficient perſons in that ſcience.

¶ Another famous phyſician. He was of Pergamus, and lived in the ſecond century, under the reign of Marcus Antoninus, ſurnamed the Philoſopher. Having applied himſelf to phyſic, he became ſo famous in that ſcience, that he exerciſed it with ſurpriſing ſucceſs in Italy and at Rome, whither he was ſent for by the emperors Verus and Antoninus. Being of a very delicate conſtitution, as he tells us himſelf in his writings, he lived in ſo regular and temperate a manner, that he ſupported his natural infirmity, by this means, to a very great age; according to ſome writers, to one hundred and forty years. This long life he employed in compoſing a great number of works on phyſic. It appears from the two books in which he treats on his own writings, that there were two hundred volumes of them, which

fer himſelf. And happy, without doubt, they eſteem themſelves, in having found ſo generous a prince, who makes them ſo welcome in the midſt of their misfortunes: for, in ſhort, as they were formerly driven out of Rome, and have been ſerved the ſame ſauce in many other countries; as the ſublime opinion and confidence which mankind heretofore uſed to place on their ſkill and knowledge, are in theſe preſent ages of the world remarkably leſſened; and

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which were conſumed in the burning of the temple of Peace, where he had depoſited them. The few that remain are very much eſteemed. He there teaches that method of practice which many phyſicians follow to this day; and which, from him, is called Galenical.

An Arabian phyſician, who lived in the eleventh century. He made ſo great a progreſs in all the ſciences he ſtudied, particularly in phyſic, that he practiſed it with great ſucceſs at eighteen years of age, which gained him the confidence and friendſhip of the ſultan Cabous, whoſe phyſician he firſt was; and who finding him poſſeſſed of talents and genius for government, made him his grand-viſier; a poſt in which he acquitted himſelf extremely well. But, far different from Galen, he gave into exceſſes, which brought diſeaſes on him, of which he died in his fifty-ſixth year, about 1036. Thoſe works of his which we have remaining, ſhew how well verſed he was in the ſcience of phyſic.

and laſtly, as there can be nothing for them to do in heaven, where there are neither patients nor diſeaſes, what muſt have become of them, whither could they have gone, if Hell would not have received them?

ALLOW me now to introduce you to another department of the infernal academy; and that is to the faculty of the arts; a department which takes in polite literature, and all the parts of philoſophy; that is to ſay, Logick, Morality, Metaphyſics, Phyſics, Aſtronomy, and Criticiſm: for there is no one of the ſciences of this world which has not, there below, its inſtructors and profeſſors, who in the ſame manner as they do above, engage in moſt bloody wars with each other (with the pen only, I mean), merely, as they ſay, to amuſe themſelves, and avoid living in idleneſs; but rather, I ſhould think, for the ſake of furniſhing a comedy to the damned, who are greatly diverted with it.

THERE is nothing indeed more truly riſible, than the hearing theſe pedants diſputing, with the utmoſt vehemence and extravagance, on the different figures, the different faſhions, and the different forms of a Syllogiſm; panting and ſweating, till they groan again, with the labour of reducing one in Baroco into Baralipton; one in Comeſtres into Darapti; and one in Barbara into Friſeſomorum. To hear them diſputing on the Cathegorics of Ariſtotle, with the ſame vivacity and heat of paſſion as the divines do

when they contend about the number of their ſacraments. Whether there are really ſeven, ought to be two, or ſhould be none at all? Can there be any thing in the world more droll, than to ſee them tearing their lungs to pieces in defence of the pretended reality of the Exiſtence of Reaſon, of the Univerſality of the Part, of Quiddities, of Formalities, Caſualties, Indentities, Potentialities, Intentionalities, Individualities; of Exiſtence in general, and its ſeveral reſtrictions; of dicible Beings, and of real Exiſtents; and a thouſand other old women's tales: which occupied them during their whole lives, and wherewith they ſtuffed the memories of their diſciples, who underſtood them no more than they themſelves did?

In another part you will hear the metaphyſicians ſeriouſly diſcourſing on the firſt principles of Matter; on Motion, Reſt, and Vacuum, which, if it does exiſt in the general works of Nature, is certainly not to be found in hell, where every place is full. They alſo entertain themſelves with diſquiſitions on thoſe revolutions and changes, to which all things in this world are ſubject; although, on theſe occaſions, they cannot avoid ſometimes reflecting on that which they have themſelves experienced; and exclaiming, with a groan,

How

How chang'd our fate! O ſource of flowing tears!
Where's now that world, whoſe joys alarm'd our fears?
'Tis loſt to us: and theſe dire realms below,
At ev'ry ſtep give pangs of poignant woe.

AT other periods, when diſcourſing on time, and reflecting on that which they have ſtill to paſs in hell, they will, with all the grief their hearts are capable of, cry out,

How vain thoſe pleaſures, now for ever paſt;
How dread thoſe pains, which muſt for ever laſt!

THESE prudent and ſincere, though too late reflections, which they have often occaſion to make, are productive of very good effects; for as the moſt part of them in their life-times would not admit fire into the elementary region, and maintained, on that ſubject, many very violent diſputes with thoſe philoſophers who were of a contrary opinion, being now immerſed up to the neck in that of hell, they are obliged to acknowledge, by the torments which it occaſions to them, the reality of that fire, whoſe exiſtence they had hitherto diſowned.

THE ſame thing may alſo be ſaid of the Moraliſts, who having diſputed all their lives on the virtues, vices, and chief happineſs of mankind, without ever being able to come to an agreement amongſt themſelves,

ſelves (having now loſt that ſovereign good, which they are for ever bereft of) they confeſs, but too late, that it conſiſts but in the ineffable preſence and eternal enjoyment of God. So true it is, that we ſcarcely ever know the reality, the merit, or real value of things, but by the loſs of them.

CHAP. IV.

Aſtronomers and aſtrologers in hell. The latter in diſcredit there, and why.

IT is certain, that aſtronomers could find no place better for their deſigns than hell, and that for many reaſons, drawn from their own principles. The firſt of them is, that, according to them, the beſt and exacteſt aſtronomical obſervations are thoſe which are made in dark places, neareſt to the centre of the earth. It is for this reaſon, that in the large obſervatories there is always ſome place very deep under ground, deſigned to make obſervations in the day-time. Now that hell is at the very centre of the earth, and that it is an obſcure habitation, are two undoubted truths which I have already proved. From whence it follows, that theſe gentlemen ought to think themſelves very happy in finding a place where they

they may, at their conveniency, make the exacteſt obſervations.

THERE they may remark, and determine with the greateſt accuracy, the magnitude, the motions, the number, and the figures of the ſtars; all which they have hitherto been ignorant of: there they may learn exactly how many diameters and ſemi-diameters the Heavens are diſtant from the earth and from hell: there they are properly ſtationed, and are poſſeſſed of the true means for diſcovering the truth or falſity of the Copernican ſyſtem §; for if the earth turns

§ Nicolaus Copernicus, the founder of this ſyſtem, was a very celebrated mathematician, philoſopher, aſtronomer, and phyſician of the 16th century. He was born at Thorn, in Pruſſia, where he began his ſtudies with phyſic and philoſophy, which he purſued with great ſucceſs, as he did alſo afterwards thoſe of aſtronomy and the other branches of the mathematics. In order to inſtruct himſelf thoroughly in theſe ſciences, and to have an opportunity of conſulting the ableſt maſters of thoſe times, he took to travel; ſtaid a conſiderable time at Bologna, and from thence went to Rome, where he profeſſed the mathematics. He then returned to his own country, where his uncle, by the mother's ſide, who was biſhop of Varruia, gave him a prebendary. Then it was that he publiſhed his ſyſtem of the world, which was from the very firſt adopted and followed with great eagerneſs by

turns round, as this philoſopher aſſures us it does, they, by being in the centre, cannot but perceive very ſenſibly the rapidity of that motion with which they muſt perceive the circumference of the terreſtrial globe revolving: where they may better diſcover, than in any other place, whether the moon is in reality

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by all the learned of that age, as it has hitherto been by all the greateſt philoſophers who have lived ſince. According to that ſyſtem, which is certainly the moſt rational one of all thoſe which have ever appeared in regard to the œconomy and order of this ſpacious univerſe, the ſun, immoveable in his own place, and revolving only round his own axis (which he does in 27 days) is fixed in the centre, and the ſeven planets turn round him, deſcribing larger or leſſer orbits in proportion to their diſtances from him; of which the earth completes its revolution in 365 days and 6 hours. Beſides this motion, Copernicus has given it another round its own axis, which it performs in 24 hours, and which occaſions the change of day and night. Laſtly, he diſcovered a third motion in the earth, by which its axis always continues in the ſame poſition. To this motion is owing the happy alteration of ſeaſons, and the inequality of the days in different climates. This truly great man died a natural death, in ſpite of the decrees of the inquiſition, whereby he was condemned, on the twenty-fourth of May, 1543, aged ſeventy years.

lity a world like this we live in; whether it indeed has mountains, valleys, ſeas, lakes, and rivers; woods, plains, and foreſts, as in ours: and if it is inhabited by men, beaſts, and other animals, like thoſe upon the ſurface of our globe, as ſome famous aſtronomers have pretended to diſcover by the aſſiſtance of teleſcopes: there may they be able very plainly to ſee and diſcern, whether the ſtars move about in the heavens, like fiſhes in the ſeas, the lakes, and rivers: or whether, fixed like the ſpokes in a chariot-wheel, they are whirled round by their rapid motion: there may they ſee and know what ſhould be really thought of thoſe double and retrograde motions of the planets from eaſt to weſt, and from weſt to eaſt; of all thoſe ſpheres and circles which we imagine in the heavens; that Zodiack, that Equator and Ecliptic, thoſe Tropics, and thoſe Poles, both Arctic and Antarctic, thoſe Circles, both Extentric and Concentric, Horizons and Meridians; together with a number of other things moſt truly engaging and curious. Unfortunately, however, news has been brought from that country, at leaſt as we are informed, that theſe very gentlemen themſelves, who, whilſt on earth, invented theſe fine doctrines of philoſophy, now ſcoff at them below ſtairs; where they are ſolely occupied in reflections on eternity, by which they are far differently intereſted than by all theſe ſyſtems.

NEXT to these learned men are to be found those who, during their lives, professed judicial Astrology: those drawers of horoscopes, those Prognosticators of good or bad fortune, those almanack-makers †; in a word, those men who made an occupation in this world of amusing fools, of living and enriching themselves at their expence, by selling a number of impostures which they cannot help laughing at amongst themselves †. At the very head of this set of idle story-tellers we must place those who, wanting to render even the Saviour of the world subject to their imaginary art, have pretended to find written in the stars, not only his birth, but also all the sacred mysteries of his life.

BUT it would be hard indeed, if this kind of people should be held now-a-days in the same rank of esteem, or if the same degree of credulity was to be shewn in hell for them, and for their knowledge, as mankind formerly gave into here above. This art is not only become suspected there, but their pretended prophecies are regarded only as so many falshoods, whose imposition is thoroughly proved,

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† This pretended science, which is nothing but a mere piece of quackery, was very much in vogue at the time our author wrote; but has now no partisans, excepting among old women, the vulgar, and the illiterate.

proved, and whoſe abſurdity is as univerſally laughed at. They are there ſhewn, that, as the revolution of the Platonic year is, as yet, very far from being complete §, there is no kind of neceſſity for knowing either the exact number of the ſtars, or their poſition in the Heavens, with any other view than that of curioſity or improvement, or with regard to that admiration which ought to be paid to all the works of the creation. There are they taught, that the Heavens are repleniſhed with an infinite number of ſtars; which, from their extreme apparent ſmallneſs, not only are out of the ſphere of their ſpeculative ſcience, but even eſcape the obſervation of the moſt exact and laborious aſtronomers. Such, for a long time, were thoſe which compoſed that broad and luminous band, that appears during the ſerene nights, in abſence of the moon; and which we diſtinguiſh by the name of the Milky-Way †: that, beſides,

§ The Platonic year, or grand period of the Platoniſts, is a revolution of thirty-ſix thouſand years, in which thoſe philoſophers inform us the ſtars and planets will be found again in their firſt places, their firſt order, and their firſt diſpoſition.

† It is called by the aſtronomers the Galaxy, from a Greek word which ſignifies the ſame. It is compoſed of an infinite number of ſtars which cannot be diſtinctly obſerved, but by the help of the very beſt teleſcopes.

ſides, there are from time to time new ones perceived, whilſt others diſappear, and never more are ſeen. In ſhort, when once they arrive at the infernal regions, they are ſenſible, that all the different aſpects of the planets, and all the influences, good or bad, which they attribute to them, as to the lives or fortunes of mankind (as if theſe immoderate and inanimate maſſes could be ſuſceptible of love or hatred) are there conſidered in the light they merit; but as ſo many fables: and that the ſcripture, in mentioning the ſtars, which are the work of God's immediate hand, aſſure us, with regard to them, as well as with reſpect to all the reſt, that their Creator "ſaw "them, and they were very good;" nor have they from the inſtant of their firſt creation met with change, or altered in their courſes. In hell theſe frivolous aſtrologers become convinced, of what, indeed, they muſt have known already, that their predictions are all of the ſame tenor with that they made in 1554; when, on pretence that all the planets would be in conjunction in the ſign of Piſces (Aquarius might, perhaps, have better ſerved the purpoſe) they took upon them to foretell, that there would happen an almoſt univerſal deluge. A deluge which the leaſt appearance of has never yet been ſeen, or even the ſmalleſt ſymptom of it ever heard of. Here too they learn, that though amidſt the myriads of predictions they undertake, it muſt inevitably happen that ſome of trifling conſequence

muſt come to paſs; as in the aims taken by a thouſand archers, though all unſkilled, ſome one may, by chance, hit the mark; yet, notwithſtanding this, they are no leſs, nor are they leſs reckoned, impoſtors; nor have they the leaſt right to make exceptions to that general parallel, "As great a liar as an "almanack-maker or a fortune-teller."

CHAP. V.

Concerning critics, and their buſineſs in Hell.

THE race of critics occupy not only the worſt place in the infernal academy, but they are badly paid, although they work laboriouſly upon ſubjects no leſs difficult than intereſting. Some kind of judgment may be formed of them, by the patterns that I place here, which are the ſubject of their moſt learned and voluminous lucubrations.

In ſome of them they ſearch and examine, with all the ſagacity, erudition and prolixity they are able, into how many books Livy has divided his Roman hiſtory. In others, how many comedies Ennius, Menander, Ariſtophanes, Terence, and Plautus; or how many tragedies Sophocles, Euripides, Eſchylus,

lus †, and Seneca, compoſed. In ſome of their works, their examinations turn on the diſcovery of which ſingular piece of the ſame author ought to bear away the prize from all the reſt. In others their reſearches terminate in the enquiry, whether we ought to write Haruſpices or Arruſpices, Virgil or Vergil, Shakeſpeare or Shakſpear, Johnſton or Jonſon.

THERE

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† A Greek poet, who was looked upon as the father, or at leaſt the reformer of the Greek tragedy. He was of one of the moſt illuſtrious families of Attica, and had borne arms with great reputation at the battles of Marathon, Salamine, and Platæa. Being from his youth addicted to tragedy, he compoſed ninety-ſeven pieces; of which only ſeven remain, and even thoſe imperfect. The repreſentation of theſe pieces is ſaid to have been ſo terrible, that on the firſt performance of his Eumenides, ſeveral children died with fear, and ſeveral women miſcarried. Towards the decline of his life, he retired to the court of Heiro, king of Syracuſe; being piqued that Sophocles, who was but juſt then ſtarted into notice, had been preferred before him by the Athenians. He was killed by an eagle's letting fall a tortoiſe (which that bird had, according to its cuſtom, carried up into the air) upon his bald head, which it thought to be a ſtone fit for the purpoſe of breaking the ſhell, in order to get at its fleſh.

THERE are alſo many other matters, equally intereſting as curious, which form the ſubject of many learned diſſertations; ſuch as the diſtinction between a rogue and a villain; between a learned man and a man of letters; between the face and the viſage; between a two handed ſword and a ſabre; between an houſe and an habitation; between moonlight and moon-ſhine; between a rich man and a wealthy man; between a large river and a ſmall one; between a lover and a madman; between a fool and an aſs; between the ploughman and his team; between a lawyer and a thief; between country-men and their beaſts; a poet and a beggar; an uſurer and a flayer; a ſoldier and a robber; a fidler and a drunkard; a buck and a ſtreet-robber; between a miſer and a pauper; a painter and a poet; jeſuits and comedians; a milliner, mantua-maker, or laundreſs and a ſtrumpet; or laſtly, between a bad woman and the devil. Although, indeed, with regard to the laſt article, it has long ceaſed to be an argument, the point having been for ſome ages paſt decided in favour of the former, the preference being very amply expreſſed in the following diſtich;

Tell me what's worſe than toad or ſnake?
A tyger ruſhing through the brake.
What's worſe than tyger? Why, the devil.
Than Satan, what's a greater evil?

A woman. Well, but now, d'ye ſee,
Name ſomewhat ſtill more curſt than ſhe.
Nay, prithee do not poſe me ſo;
For worſe than that I do not know.

CHAP. VI.

An academy for gaming in the infernal regions. A picture of the gameſters, and their puniſhment in Hell.

WHAT ſullen objects are thoſe whom I ſee in that gloomy retreat, who ſeem to conceal themſelves, as if they were afraid of being diſcovered and puniſhed? Let us put forward for to ſee, and examine them more cloſely; juſt Heaven! how dreadful! how frightful is their aſpect! Whence comes that frenzy which ſparkles in their eyes? What can have been the reaſon of this frightful deſpair, which is painted on their countenances? From whence can ſpring this ſacrilegious torrent of oaths and execrations, which their impious mouths vomit up? A die ill turned, a card ill played, a pique, a ſlam, a chequemate or codille, thrown unawares upon them, are the ſole cauſe of all theſe terrible effects. Theſe are the ſerious and important ſubjects, theſe the terrible events, which are the reaſon of the frightful and the ſtrange convulſions you ſee them

now

now diſtracted by. Goods, fortunes, money, and jewels, even cloaths and furniture, horſes and carriages, all have they gamed away; all loſt: nay life itſelf, in the exceſs of their deſpair, they have robbed themſelves of: nor is there any thing of all that they enjoyed, which they now can call their own, but that exceſs of rage which tranſports them, for having thus ſacrificed their all to this moſt deteſtable paſſion.

But now, who are thoſe furies whom I ſee around them, and who torment them with a kind of puniſhment, uncommon here on earth, and truly worthy of hell? O, now I am convinced; their habits tell me, that the great multitude I ſee aſſembled round them are only their relations, their wives and children, their heirs and heireſſes, their tender little babes, their aged parents; in ſhort, whatever ſhould be dear to them on earth, or demand a tender intereſt in their hearts: all theſe undone and ruined, enraged and violent, almoſt as much as theſe unhappy wretches are themſelves, behold them ſatisfying the fierceſt paſſions of rage and of deſpair, with teeth and claws, on thoſe who have brought them to it. Nor can the ſufferers urge one ſingle excuſe to ſave them from their rage; ſince all their trouble has been brought upon them by an unſatisfied thirſt for play; a thirſt the moſt pernicious, the moſt terrible: a thirſt which has excited them on earth to crimes and libertiniſm, and which, they muſt own, their preſent abode

abode is but the juſt reward of. The ſufferers by their fault, if by deſpair brought to the infernal regions, have at the leaſt this one reflexion left to conſole them; a ſorrowful, indeed, and cruel ſatisfaction! that they ſhall meet revenge for all their wrongs, in beholding thoſe who brought them to their miſeries ſuffering eternally the moſt horrible puniſhments. But let us turn our eyes from this frightful ſpectacle, to which the world at preſent is too much addicted, for we cannot too much deteſt this horrible paſſion of gaming; the horrid effects of which ſo often lay waſte the moſt opulent fortunes.

CHAP. VII.

Of the great power which Lucifer has in Hell.

THE glory and power of any empire and its ſovereign conſiſts chiefly in having nothing to fear from any power, how formidable ſoever it may be. This ſuperior, this honourable privilege, no one, certainly, can contend, that it doth not belong to hell, if he will allow himſelf to reflect a ſingle moment on the innumerable multitude of warriors it includes within its dominions, on the vaſt armies it could raiſe in the twinkling of an eye. Such armies

as

as have never been ſeen on earth, and which its whole extent, great as it is, was never capable of containing.

For to be convinced of this truth, we need only conſider all thoſe which have ever been ſet on foot upon earth, ever ſince the time that mankind firſt began to make war with each other; that is to ſay, almoſt from the beginning of the univerſe; we need only recollect that which Ninus brought together in his war with the Bactrians, conſiſting of one million ſeven hundred thouſand foot, and two hundred thouſand horſe; that alſo of his famous and worthy queen Semiramis, whoſe troops, when ſhe began war in India, amounted to three millions of infantry, and three hundred thouſand cavalry. Moreover, that brought againſt Greece by Xerxes, which amounted to ſeven millions. Beſides theſe, let us name thoſe of Darius and Alexander, of Philip and of Porus; and that with which the Greeks came to beſiege Troy, and deſtroy its kingdom. Thoſe of Pharaoh, of the Philiſtines, of Nebuchadonozor, of Sennacherib, of Holofernes, of Antiochus. Thoſe of Hamilcar, of Hannibal, and Aſdrubal, of Mithridates and Jugurtha, of Marius and Scylla, of Cæſar and of Pompey, of Craſſus, of Octavius, of Lepidus and Antony: of all thoſe which were employed in the dividing of the Roman empire; that amazing monarchy, which had ſwallowed up the reſt; and whoſe power ſeemed to promiſe the continuing as

long as the world ſhould laſt. Of thoſe which were employed in the great Cruſades; thoſe holy expeditions which, underneath the ſanction of religion, coſt the lives of ſo many millions of men: of that of Mahomet I. and II. and of Tamerlane. In ſhort, let us gather together, if poſſible, in our memories, the unaccountable number of troops which have been employed by ſea and land, ſince there firſt roſe up empires and republics, kingdoms and ſovereigns: let us, from all theſe various troops joined together, whereof ſcarce one poor centinel has eſcaped the infernal regions, compoſe, in our imaginations, one ſingle army, and make from thence ſome kind of idea of the redoubtable power of lord Lucifer; a power which never any ſovereign on earth ere had, or ever will come near. With forces thus formidable, and which he could double and treble, or even multiply an hundred fold, ſhould he, in any caſe of neceſſity, oblige all his ſubjects to take arms, we may eaſily conceive, without any difficulty, that this monarch, at every minute, is more than in a poſture to defend himſelf againſt whoſoever ſhould have the raſhneſs, or rather folly, to attack him. If age and experience had not made him wiſer than he was formerly, what might he not have undertaken with ſuch unheard of and innumerable armies?

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the ſeveral virtues and excellencies that prevail in Hell.

LET us now endeavour to conclude: for however intereſting, however curious our ſubject may be in itſelf, I cannot help being afraid of wearying my readers by ſo great a number of objects, of reflexions, and of conſiderations. Let us then, I ſay, finiſh with a detail which will be no leſs amazing, no leſs uſeful than all the reſt of theſe which I have already offered, viz. that of the many virtues which reign, and are produced, in the infernal regions; greatly ſuperior to thoſe which we ſee at preſent, though in ſo ſmall a number, in the world.

CHAP. IX.

Of Juſtice.

JUSTICE is the firſt of theſe properties, which, finding no longer an aſylum on earth, and being uſeleſs in heaven, which is not inhabited but by

juſt perſons, is now retired into hell, where ſhe exerciſes her ſupreme authority, with a degree of impartiality and integrity worthy of herſelf; and which ſhe could not do upon earth. In ſhort, although we have here upon earth a great number, and perhaps too many, laws, nevertheleſs, there is nothing more rare to be found amongſt us, than judges, who cauſe them exactly to be obſerved, or even themſelves ſtrictly to follow them to the utmoſt rigour. Even the moſt heinous crimes, buried in darkneſs, are often committed unnoticed by the eye of Juſtice, and far from her tribunal; or if by chance ſhe ſhould ſuſpect, or even take cognizance of them, how often do offenders, by dint of hardineſs and bold denial, eſcape the puniſhment they deſerve for them? Others, by the irreſiſtible aid of gold, bribe their judges, procure impunity, and ſometimes even pardon. Nay more, often amongſt them we find, that the blood of the innocent pays for that of the guilty.

In hell you never meet with this, nor any thing in the leaſt like it. Every thing there is done according to the laws of the moſt exact and ſecure juſtice, and chaſtiſement there treads upon the heels of guilt. Theſe are ſuch judges as it is impoſſible to impoſe on; judges who cannot be corrupted, either by gold or ſilver, much leſs win over by ſolicitations. Beelzebub, Belial, and Aſhtaroth, are perſonages incorruptible, and not poſſible to be deceived. With them

them the ſubtle Maſkwells and Tartuffes, who have ſo well deceived the world by falſe exteriors, can expect no favour; judicious too as incorruptible, not all the falſe excuſes they produce avail them any thing, except it is ſometimes to cauſe the chaſtiſement they deſerve to be increaſed on them. Before theſe upright judges, birth, genius, dignity, rank, riches, beauty, fortune, are all as nothing, nor can beſtow the ſmalleſt privilege. The ſame crimes always ſuffer an equal puniſhment, whoever has committed them. The mighty monarch Saul is no leſs harſhly treated for his attempt on his own life, and opening with his ſword his way to hell himſelf, than is his armour-bearer, who imitated him in this criminal action.

Nay more, we may ſee by our ſacred oracles, that the great are there ſtill more rigorouſly puniſhed than other men; and this for many very ſtrong reaſons: the firſt is, becauſe in the high ſtations they maintained on earth, they owed a good example to the leſſer people, to whom they, on the contrary, ſet forth a bad one: ſecondly, becauſe being better inſtructed, and enlightened, they ought to be better: in the third place, becauſe, by being richer, they were in a better condition to aſſiſt the wretched. In ſhort, becauſe they have converted to the uſe of evil the means which God had given them for to do good.

This truth is ſo conſtant and natural, that even

the Pagans have acknowledged, and preached it, as we may say, on their house-tops. Every one, says Seneca, in one of his tragedies, blames himself in hell for his own crimes, and cannot lay the blame upon any other. "I have seen" (he makes one of his heroes say, whom he imagines just returned from the infernal regions) "princes and generals reflecting, in most frightful dungeons, upon the crimes "they had committed; and tyrants ignominiously "whipt by their subjects, whom they had unjustly "oppressed when living."

CHAP. X.

Excellent advice to honest men.

I Would by no means advise honest men, who are obliged to have recourse to justice, to protect them from the oppression of the wicked, to make application to any of our courts here on earth for their redress, nor even to our kings or princes; because these last, suffering themselves almost always to be win by the solicitations of their wives or mistresses, their ministers, favourites, or confessors, see but through the eyes of others, who are blind themselves to justice, and make it a point on all occasions to deceive the judges themselves. The best advice in

in this caſe that I can give them, is to come ſtraight to hell, where Juſtice reſides, as in her true and only abode. If they ſhould even happen here above to have loſt their law-ſuits, and conſequently their goods, their fortunes, and ſometimes even lives, as we but too often ſee, to the ſhame of humanity; I ſtill adviſe them to appeal to this univerſal parliament, before whom all the world muſt one day appear: a court wherein they may be certain they will be heard; and juſtice done them even on juſtice ſelf.

To this ſalutary piece of advice I ſhall join another, which is no leſs neceſſary and uſeful to thoſe who undertake this voyage. This is, that they will take care upon their arrival of approaching the quarters of the bad women, whoſe ordinary employment in this habitation is to torment all honeſt and ſober people; and they ſhew more rage and cruelty in the acquitting themſelves of this, than even the infernal furies themſelves do towards the greateſt criminals that are given over to them.

CHAP. XI.

An agreeable ſtory upon this ſubject.

THAT you may not think that I exaggerate the matter, I am going to relate you a pleaſant

ſtory, that I remember to have read in an excellent author (though, indeed, I have forgot his name; for if I can help it I never read any other.) This writer, who is a man of great judgment, and not in the leaſt given to credulity, ſays, that a certain man who had a wife that made this world his purgatory (though, in the main, a very well behaved, modeſt kind of gentlewoman) happening to die ſome little time after her, took immediately the road to paradiſe, as ſoon as the breath was out of his body, as a reward for his patience in this world; arriving at the gate, he knocks, the good man St. Peter opens the door, and invites him very civilly to walk in, and take the place which was deſtined for him in heaven. The husband ſtops a moment, as it were, to reflect; and then demands of St. Peter, whether or not he thought his wife was there? The good ſaint anſwered ſhe was: upon which the honeſt man, without aſking any thing more, takes immediately to his heels, and makes for the road to hell, as faſt as his legs would carry him; rather inclining to renounce heaven, than be in the ſame place with his wife, whom he was certain would, out of the abundance of her virtue, make heaven as great a hell to him, as ſhe had done this earth. Now, if good women, at leaſt thoſe whom we for the moſt part take for ſuch, are capable of making a deſart of heaven, judge you what muſt the wicked ones be in hell?

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Piety and repentance reign in Hell.

JUSTICE is not the ſole virtue which is known, practiſed, and ſeverely exerciſed in the infernal empire: piety there ſhines forth in a diſtinguiſhed manner. It would even ſeem, that the leſs of this virtue the damned had whilſt alive, the more they make appear in this habitation after their death. Indeed upon earth, the moſt of them had no reſpect for the true God; they knew not what it was to bow their knees in prayer to him; but different countries different manners. For as a certain apoſtle obſerves, they are as pious in hell, as they were impious on earth, and adore him in fear and trembling; and inſtead of the blaſphemies that were uſed to come out of their impious and ſacrilegious mouths againſt him, they acknowledge all his infinite perfections, which they never ceaſe praiſing: although their prayers are loſt, and without effect (for in this place there is no room to hope for either mercy or forgiveneſs) they fail not to continue them, and that in the moſt eager manner, as we ſee in the ſcriptures, after the example of the wicked rich man. Whilſt upon earth they never would hear repentance ſpoke of, far leſs practiſe it; they have lived and perſiſted

in a continual ſucceſſion of crimes, which they never have been willing to renounce for the moſt pathetic exhortations or preſſing inſtances that could be made them; in hell, they become ſincerely penitent, and abhorring the heinouſneſs of their crimes, with all the bitterneſs of heart, expreſs the moſt lively grief and deſpair for the committing of them, by tears, groans, and ſighs.

CHAP. XIII.

The edifying diſcourſes held by the damned.

IN ſhort, piety and the love of repentance, even of the moſt rigorous kind, is ſo powerful in hell, that it is aſſerted, that Lucifer himſelf ſaid one day to one of his moſt intimate friends, and even atteſted it by an oath, that if a pillar was to be erected from the profoundeſt place of his kingdom to reach Heaven, and that this pillar was to be thick ſet on all ſides with the points of nails, knives, ſaws, razors, and the ſharpeſt weapons, and he was afterwards to be cloathed with an human body, and thus to be drawn night and day upwards and downwards the whole length of the pillar, till the day of judgment, he would with all his heart ſubmit to this horrible and frightful puniſhment, provided he might at the end

end of the time be eſtabliſhed to that ſtate of glory and perfection in which he was formerly, and from whence he is now for ever fallen.

CHAP. XIV.

The ſurpriſing purity of manners that prevails in Hell.

ANOTHER effect occaſioned in hell by the goodneſs which thoſe who dwell in it profeſs, is a reformation of manners, which are remarkably pure in all thoſe who inhabit it, and the conſequence of all the vices and crimes which they addicted themſelves to, while on earth. In hell there is no ſuch thing committed as murder, theft, injuſtice, or plunder; no drunkards, no debauchers of girls, or wives, are ſeen there, and conſequently no cuckolds. It is, doubtleſs, this which has made Lucian ſay, that, in order to have the honour of being admitted, it was neceſſary, before hand, to renounce in this life all bad habits, and vices. "There, ſays this amiable "and ingenious writer, the philoſopher ought to re- "nounce his pride, infatuation, and his love for diſ- "pute. There the tyrant Lampiſchus ought to re- "nounce his folly, violence, brutality, and cruelty; "and Crato his voluptuous life, trophies and digni-

"ties." In effect, in hell every thing is ordered and directed conformable to the laws of honour and equity, which is not for the moſt part the caſe on earth. O happy abode! truly may you be ſaid to have brought the golden-age with you, whoſe loſs has been ſo long bewailed here in the world.

CHAP. XV.

The ſurpriſing humility of the inhabitants of Hell.

THE third virtue which reigns in hell is humility; and it is an amazing thing to ſee the quick progreſs it makes in this country. As much as men made themſelves unſupportable and hateful on earth to their fellow creatures, with pride, vain glory, ambition and luxury, ſo much in this latter abode does their humility render them amiable and recommendable. I ſhall quote no other proof of this than the example of the wicked rich man; while he was on earth, he would not ſo much as condeſcend to caſt a look on the poor and miſerable Lazarus, who lay at his gate; but ſcarce had he put his foot in hell, when he began to intreat Abraham to ſend him this very perſon, he had ſo deſpiſed, to be his cup-bearer. It is the ſame with the reſt of the damned:

damned: on earth, they did not condescend to offer up so much as one prayer to God; but no sooner have they taken this journey, and arrived at the end of it, than they make use of the most fervent supplications to the very rocks and mountains, though they can neither understanding nor hear them; they conjure them by whatever is most moving, not to lend them their assistance to get out of this their new abode, but to grant them at least the consolation to fall upon and overwhelm them.

WHAT insatiable ambition prevails on earth! Never content with their present condition, riches, dignity, or employment, these proud and restless mortals are every moment endeavouring to advance themselves above what they are. This fury, which may be called the human phrenzy, is in some things carried to a degree of childish folly. How many debates and quarrels arise between the greatest men of the church and state, and private persons, for the fancied honours of rank and precedency? What sums of money foolishly laid out? What time spent? What paper uselessly blotted? What expensive journeys undertaken? How many weary days of travel, and nights of watching, to support and maintain these follies of pride? But how often is even the publick service interrupted by it, and business, commerce, and the people themselves, made to suffer; witness those diets, congresses, councils, and all the other assemblies, which they endeavour to make respectable in the eyes of the people,

people, and where, in fact, the greatest part of the time is spent in contending with each other upon these ridiculous and childish points. In short, this madness is sometimes carried so far, that it even costs those who are seized with it their lives. There was a proof of this happened some years ago at Prague between two ministers; the one belonging to the court of Spain, and the other belonging to some Italian prince; these two disputed about some subject of this kind, and that even in the church, and at the very foot of the altar; the quarrel was not to be agreed by all the endeavours that could be used; nor did it end till the Italian was killed by the Spaniard, who had challenged him to single combat.

In hell they know not what it is to murder one another, nor to dispute about such nonsense; free from ambition and vanity, every one is content with his lot, and the place which divine justice has appointed him; and takes possession of it without grumbling, or uttering a protest, petition, memorial, or revocation, in arrest of judgment, to the decree of the infernal court.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

The admirable moderation and frugality which reigns there.

THE fourth virtue which is acquired, and much practiſed in hell, is moderation and frugality. See the wicked rich man who, while he was on earth, muſt have upon his table every thing which the earth produced nice and delicate, and even thoſe would ſcarcely ſuffice him; he muſt alſo have the beſt cock that was to be had in the country, and the moſt beautiful lackeys to ſerve him at his table; choice ſpirits, and jovial companions, to amuſe him; and thoſe of the higheſt rank for his companions; but the firſt meal he made in hell wrought a total change in him. Temperance, moderation, and frugality became immediately his favourite virtues; he no longer required thoſe delicacies that he had above; plain water ſuffices, and of that not in goblets filled to the brim, as the moſt excellent wines were while on earth, but a ſingle drop only; and that drop to be ſerved him by a beggar, a miſerable object covered with ſores; this he begs as a favour, but it is refuſed to his moſt earneſt ſupplications. What acknowledgment,

acknowledgment, what thanks are not due from the damned to Lucifer, who forms ſo well, in ſo ſhort a time, his ſubjects to the practice of virtues which are at preſent ſo uncommon in the world?

CHAP. XVII.

And incomparable charity.

FOR charity, and the love of our neighbour, we may ſeek in vain throughout all the univerſe for a place where theſe two virtues ſhine forth ſo much as in hell. What can the earth offer to us worthy to be compared to them? On the contrary, what heinous crimes does there not reign on earth, where the love of our neighbour ſeems to be quite unknown? Do not we ſee barbarous mothers murdering the ſweet innocent creatures they have given birth to; unnatural fathers bathing their criminal hands in the blood of their own children; children turning parricides, and killing the authors of their being; huſbands and wives attempting the life of each other? Is the voice of Nature or blood heard amongſt theſe wretches? much leſs do they practiſe the love they owe their neighbour: alas! they never once think of it: on the contrary, they every day become irreconcileable and implacable enemies to each other,

other, for the leaſt triſle, or the ſmalleſt debate that may happen to ariſe.

In hell theſe monſters of nature are entirely unknown; there charity reigns throughout, and though the damned are ſenſible, that all the good they can do, will be of no uſe, yet they ſeem, from that very reaſon, to be the more ardent to do good to their neighbours: nor do they confine their charity to hell alone; they extend it even to thoſe on earth, to their relations, friends, and acquaintance, for whoſe ſalvation they are ſo much intereſted, that they offer themſelves to return to earth again, if they might be allowed, in order to aſſiſt them in working it out. We ſee this again in the wicked rich man we have ſo often mentioned (who, in this point, as in many others, may ſerve as a model,) while he lived on earth, he was as indifferent about the ſalvation of his brethren as of his own, and thought of nothing but ſharing pleaſures and diverſions with them, and agreeably enjoying the riches he poſſeſſed, and which he was to leave them after his death; as being perſuaded they would make the ſame uſe of them as he had done before. But no ſooner had he fetched the laſt gaſp, and entered the borders of the infernal regions, than brotherly love and charity, for the firſt time, took poſſeſſion of his breaſt; and intereſting himſelf ſincerely in their converſion, he begs in the moſt urging manner, that he might be permitted to return once more to the world, to warn them to lead a better life, and to

labour

labour ſeriouſly in the great work of their ſalvation: In ſhort, the charity of hell is ſo great, that they have eſtabliſhed a prieſt for ever, who does nothing day and night, but preach morality to the damned, that, though they neither loved nor practiſed it, whilſt on earth, they may nevertheleſs after their deaths do it.

CHAP. XVIII.

Excellent union and concord kept in Hell.

IN ſhort, the laſt virtue, which compleats all the others, and which makes an abode in hell preferable to that upon earth, is, the peace and concord which reigns there. How amazing! how ſtrange is the difference! On earth we ſee, we hear nothing talked of, but troubles, diſcords, ſeditions, revolutions and wars. Man, inſtead of living with his equals in harmony and union, as if they were his brethren, acts with them like the wolf amongſt the lambs, ſhewing every act of cruelty and fierceneſs. In hell there is nothing like this; the damned are never ſeen to be angry with one another, or to fight and kill one another, about trifles, like men on earth: all, on the contrary, ſeem to have one ſame and only will; and all conſpire, each on his ſeparate part,

part, to every thing which may maintain that good union which reigns amongſt them.

INDEED without this good underſtanding, this wonderful harmony, this precious peace and concord, the empire of Lucifer could never have ſupported itſelf as it has done during ſo many ages, in the brilliant ſtate in which it is in at preſent, and which it ſhall eternally ſubſiſt in: for thou well knoweſt, gentle reader, nay, it was the Saviour of the world who told us ſo himſelf, that "if a kingdom be divided "againſt itſelf it cannot ſtand:" for which reaſon, had there ever reigned the leaſt diviſion in hell, it muſt long before this have been intirely annihilated. Nay further ſtill, ſo natural to the very conſtitution of the place is this ſpirit of peace and union, that even thoſe great and famous perſonages, who, while they lived, ſet the world in a tumult, are there no ſooner entered, than they immediately begin to breathe an air of perfect union and tranquillity. There you ſee Hannibal and Scipio, Romans and Carthaginians, Cæſar and Pompey, Marius and Sylla, Antony and Auguſtus, Cicero and Cataline, living together in the beſt underſtanding and friendſhip in the world; which they could never do whilſt upon earth.

TITUS Livy remarks, and admires in one part of his Roman hiſtory, that Hannibal's good fortune was equal to his courage and valour, in that, although his army was ſo very numerous, and conſiſted of troops

troops of all nations, whose humours, characters, and genuises were intirely different, he nevertheless knew how to manage them all with so much dexterity and prudence, that there never had been heard of so much as the smallest dispute, disturbance, or emotion in his camp. How much more admirable still then must appear the skill of Lucifer, as well as his discretion, who, having gathered together in his mighty empire all the nations of the earth, even nations which have at all times been in perpetual hatred and warfare, is nevertheless so great a master of the art of governing, that since they have inlisted as his subjects, they have not ever fought against each other; the Romans with the Africans or Germans; the Greeks against the Persians; or Christians with the Saracens; much less with one another; which is at present so common in our upper world. In his dominions, the Turks rise not in arms against the Hungarians; the Tartars against the Poles, Chinese, or Muscovites; the English against the French; the Dutch against the Spaniards; or Swedes against the Danes. So far the contrary, that all these nations, the moment that they set their feet within the infernal regions, there lose immediately the hatred they had against each other whilst on earth; they swear a constant and eternal friendship; and all concur with a degree of emulation, in every thing that can promote, maintain, or strengthen it, or add a stronger rivet to its links. Matchless happiness! inexpressible

inexpreſſible felicity! which was never enjoyed upon earth, and which they have not always had in heaven; ſince our ſacred writings inform us, that the revolt of the angels formerly excited there great troubles, and was the occaſion of a cruel and terrible war. A rebellion which never has been ſeen in hell, nor never will be ſeen to happen whilſt that empire ſubſiſts, that is to ſay, for ages of ages, even to eternity, when time ſhall be no more.

END *of the* THIRD *and* LAST PART.

THE

THE CONCLUSION.

NOW, reader, will you believe me upon my word? Have I not kept up to the promiſe which I made when I began this work? I then promiſed you a faithful picture of the world, ſuch as it has been ſince its origin until this preſent time. Have I not acquitted myſelf of my promiſe? Follies, crimes, debaucheries, vices, extravagances, diſorders, foibles of all kinds, have I made paſs before your eyes: ſuch are the features which characteriſe, in general and particular, the beautiful body of which we have the honour to be the members. Will you not confeſs to me, after obſerving this picture well, this perfect reſemblance you have been looking at, that it is very worthy of hell, and that the ſupreme and ſovereign perfect Being would do it very great injuſtice, if he was not to reward it in another world?

You have here been preſented with ſomething of every kind which either ſacred, profane, poetical, mytho-

mythological, ancient, or modern history, could furnish to our author, who might have recounted thousands of others with great facility. In this almost innumerable multitude of actions of every kind, it is scarce possible, unless you are intirely blinded with self-love, but that you must have perceived some of your own actions, some of your follies, and perhaps even some of your vices. Nay, the author even intended to give you, as well as all the rest of his readers, a place in this general portrait, where, however, he will perceive some striking likeness of himself. And malice has been so far from having any share in this public censure, that it is, on the contrary, only the pure effect of an ingenuous charity which undertook to draw the picture you have received of hell, in expectation of reforming you for ever from those crimes and vices which must infallibly precipitate you into it, as millions of others have been.

These are then, my dear reader, the solid and serious consequences which you ought to draw, and which must naturally follow, from the ingenious work which you have been reading This was the essential point which I had in view when I began to give you a translation of it. May heaven grant that our intentions both succeed, and that after having led you in imagination to hell, we may never have the terrible misfortune to find ourselves in that frightful kingdom! This is my most sincere and ardent wish:

my

may it be granted! If my ſmall labour may contribute to it in any degree, I ſhall not regret in the leaſt the trouble it has coſt me. In this flattering expectation, I end as I began, with bidding you

FAREWEL, READ, AND PROFIT.

FINIS.